THE LIVING AGE

VOLUME 315 — NUMBER 4092

DECEMBER 9, 1922

A WEEK OF THE WORLD

OUR UNCHANGING WORLD

On November 8 the *Times* reprinted extracts from an article that had appeared in its columns precisely one hundred years ago — on November 8, 1822, summarizing the latest reports from the Congress of Verona, which was then in session trying to regulate the affairs of Europe, still unsettled after the Napoleonic wars, much as the Paris Conference and its numerous successors have futilely tried to do during the past four years. In this connection the author of the early article ventures a comment that is not without its timeliness to-day.

This attempt to arrange the destinies of Europe in a conclave somewhat reminds us of the madness of the astronomer in *Rasselas*, who thought himself empowered to 'regulate the weather and the distribution of the seasons.' 'The sun has listened to my dictates, and passed from tropic to tropic by my direction; the clouds at my call have poured their waters, and the Nile has overflowed at my command.' 'The Winds alone, of all the elemental powers, have hitherto refused my authority, and multitudes have perished by equinoctial tempests, which I found myself unable to prohibit or restrain.'

Popular effervescence has often been likened to tempests of wind — to hurricanes that sweep the earth; and it is the expression of the universal will so compared that the regal and imperial philosophers are striving to control. We do not deny but that they possess more instruments for enforcing their commands than Dr. Johnson's visionary; but their task is a dangerous one, and its utility problematic; the world repays their cares with ingratitude; it were therefore better for them to desist.

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ARE FRENCH PARTIES MORIBUND?

The clever French correspondent of the London *Saturday Review* attempts to answer, in a recent article in that weekly, a question posed by M. Henry de Jouvenel, editor of the *Matin*, and one of the representatives of France at the Assembly of the League of Nations: 'Are there any French parties left?'

At France's 'khaki election' of 1919 the voters sent to Parliament a strong majority of National Bloc deputies, about the usual number of Socialists, but very few Radicals, whose leaders, Caillaux, Malvy, and Painlevé, were under a cloud. To-day the National Bloc, while numerically the most powerful group in the Chamber, 'seems as doubtful of its power as Cinderella was of her beauty. . . . It dares not touch any of the old personnel, and on various occasions has seen Radical prefects cold-shoulder its friends without even

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raising the eyebrows. . . . Last week thirty of its members, in sheer fright of being regarded as reactionaries, resigned from the group.'

The depleted Radicals are described as 'a funny lot.' They held office almost continuously for thirty years, and cannot realize that they are now in minority. 'So they go about, in great agitation, asking fossilized audiences in provincial towns how long such a state of affairs is going to be suffered by gods and by men. . . . Every now and then they launch a new newspaper, to which Caillaux contributes an occasional specimen of his financial metaphysics. At elections they invariably coöperate with the Socialists or Communists, hoping that the workmen will, as they used to, vote for the veterinary or the country doctor as their candidate; but the workmen do not. A foreman or a Union secretary, with boundless contempt for the veterinary surgeon's mentality, gets it every time.'

As to the Socialists, this writer says: 'They are exactly where they were twenty-four years ago, with all the novelty worn off of them. I go on filing convention proceedings or manifestos issued by their Committees, but my faith or my nervousness have long made room for mere habit.'

The result is that France is governed to-day by Cabinets, not by parties. This seems to be a contradiction of the Parliamentary system. Why is that so? One reason is apparently that international problems have come to the fore, relegating domestic problems to the background. Parties, have not the brains among their ordinary leaders, or the intelligent backing in their rank and file, to handle foreign problems with assurance. When these arise, 'universal silence sets in instead of the usual hubbub. . . . A sort of morose unity prevails, and Governments govern, or pretend to govern, unmolested.'

AN IRISH SPORTSMAN

LORD DUNRAVEN, the Irish nobleman so well known in this country as an international yachtsman, has just published his memoirs, covering the period from his earliest childhood recollections of a Great Famine, to the conclusion of the World War. They describe his adventures and experiences as an army officer, a war correspondent, a sportsman and a cosmopolitan, in almost every part of the world where a focus of life, incident, and danger revealed itself.

Among his more interesting yacht stories are his accounts of beating the Kaiser but surrendering a cup to him, in 1893, and the international race at New York two years later.

At Cowes, in 1893, Dunraven's Valkyrie outraced the Kaiser's Meteor, but owing to some misunderstanding as to the sailing instructions, the Kaiser protested against the award.

> What to do! If the protest was heard, the sailing-committee must have dismissed it at once, and ought to dismiss it as frivolous, and fine the Kaiser £5; and the Prince of Wales would have had a disagreeable half-hour with his nephew. So I said, 'Oh, don't let us have any inquiry or any fuss, hand them over the Cup.' I think they were all relieved. I had won my Cup and lost it. The All Highest lost the Cup and got it. Well, that was better than an unpleasant episode.

Many Americans still recall the unfortunate incident that occurred during the international races of 1895 for the America Cup, when the crowding in of excursion steamers during the contest interfered with the free sailing of the yachts. Lord Dunraven protested on this ground against the committee's decision. This regrettable episode was taken in good part by the two nations.

> The London Stock Exchange cabled New York that they hoped, when war was de-

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cleared, excursion steamers would not get in the way of our fleet; and the New York Stock Exchange replied that in the interests of a fair fight they hoped our warships would be better than our yachts.

The author's hunting experiences go back to the early '70's when he adventured into what was then a real Wild West under no meaner a guide than Buffalo Bill himself. Here is a description of our Western geysers, long before they were familiar to the ordinary tourist: —

You pass a translucent, lovely pool, and are nearly pitched into its hot azure depths by your mule, which violently shies at a white puff of steam maliciously spit into its face through a minute fissure in the path. You must needs examine into that ragged-mouthed cavern, and start back with more agility than grace to escape from a sudden flood of hot water, which spitefully and without warning gurgles out and wets you through. The air is full of subdued, strange noises: distant grumblings as of dissatisfied ghosts, faint shrieks, satirical groans, and subterranean laughter, as if the imprisoned devils, though exceedingly uncomfortable, were not beyond being amused at seeing a fresh victim approach.

Among the many odd experiences of what must have been an amazingly interesting life, Lord Dunraven helped a Mr. Louis Jennings to show Jay Gould the sights of Paris.

I suppose it must have been during a period of depression, for many houses were 'to let.' He did not appear impressed with any of the sights, and made no remarks till the end of the drive, when, turning to Jennings, he said, 'Say, Jennings, who is "A. Louer" ? He seems to do a big business.'

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POLITICAL KNIGHT ERRANTRY

In our last October issue we printed a British interpretation of our attitude toward Europe, taken from *The Round Table*, under the title 'The American Standpoint.' This article brought us a number of comments and commendations, and further inquiries as to its source. About fifteen years ago a group of public-spirited young Englishmen combined to form certain political views. They were entirely disinterested, and had a horror of politics as a career. Most of them were personally, as they still remain to-day, little known to the general public. Among the more prominent members of this band were Mr. Lionel Curtis, who served as Secretary of the Anglo-Irish Peace Conference last year, and has been associated subsequently with the British Colonial Office, and Mr. Philip Kerr, who is a member of one of the oldest Catholic families in Great Britain, but has become a Christian Scientist, and has devoted his life to a study of that subject. Others, through holding responsible positions in England, have been less directly connected with the British public service. Philip Kerr, it will be recalled, was Lloyd George's confidential secretary, and often served the Premier in much the same way that Colonel House served President Wilson during the war and subsequently.

These young men founded a liberal political quarterly, *The Round Table*, to express and circulate their ideas. The name was chosen to express their aspirations to be the knights of a cause to which they were determined to devote their lives. *The Round Table* deals principally with British Empire questions and advocates that the Empire cease to be an Empire in the older sense, and become a Commonwealth — not a collection of nations dominated by one nation, but an association of peoples enjoying so nearly as possible equal political and social status. This group has ardently championed the cause of India, of Egypt, and of Ireland; and the Irish Treaty, which is rumored to have been drafted largely by Mr. Curtis,

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expresses the relations these men believe ought to exist among the member nations of the Commonwealth.

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LA FIESTA DE LA RAZA

A CONTRIBUTOR to *La Vanguardia* laments the lack of popular interest in Spain for the Fiesta de la Raza, or annual holiday to commemorate in Europe and America the achievements of the Spanish race. 'At Madrid, the capital of Spain, where the project of dedicating a day to the memory of Spain's ancient glory originated, the observances consisted merely in a procession of primary-school children and a meeting in the Royal Theatre where affected verses were read and tiresome speeches delivered.' The writer who makes this comment attributes the apathy of the people to the indifferent teaching of Spanish history and Spanish patriotism in the schools. Indeed, Spanish teachers are said to disparage their own country in comparison with other countries. 'Neither the products, nor the literature, nor the art, nor the soil, nor the climate, nor anything else that is Spanish, can be compared — in the opinion of some pedants and many of our ignorant people — with the products, the art, and the science of other nations.'

Some years ago, when the four-hundredth anniversary of the discovery of America was celebrated, so many unworthy things were written and said about Columbus that they seemed to justify the ignorant officials who brought him back from America in chains. 'No one can forget that it has been the fashion to criticize the Cid as too militarist a hero for our race; and our people are so submerged in materialism that we exalt Sancho Panza above Don Quixote, and ascribe all the ills from which our country suffers to our exaggerated chivalry.'

The proposed visit of the King of Spain to South America seems not to be unanimously acceptable to the people of that Continent. There have been some protests from distinguished sources. For instance, Leopoldo Lugones, perhaps the most distinguished man of letters in Argentina, protests in *Atlantida*, a Buenos Aires weekly, that it is unbecoming for the Spanish monarch to visit that country. Among other things he says: —

> During our war of independence, the battle cry of our patriots was not, 'Death to Spain!'; it was 'Death to the King!' Our enemies were the 'Royalists.' . . . Our declaration of independence states: 'It is the unanimous will of the United Provinces of South America to break the arbitrary bonds that bind them to the Kings of Spain.' . . . A King of Spain cannot becomingly tread our soil; and for a similar reason, no King of England has ever proposed to visit the United States. This need not prevent the utmost friendship and mutual understanding between our two nations. But a visit from the King will do precisely the opposite of what is intended. To-day the only Spain we recognize in America is the Spain of industry and labor, which we still love.

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UNEASY GALICIA

ACCORDING to Vienna reports a serious revolt has occurred in East Galicia, which is under the provisional rule of Poland but has a predominant Ruthenian population. Within the past few months more than seventy Polish manor houses have been burned, six dynamite attacks have been made; on seven occasions important telegraph lines have been cut and partly destroyed, ten political assassinations have occurred. Peasants and armed Ukrainian insurgents are keeping the whole country in a turmoil. The Poles are employing large forces of infantry, cavalry and artillery to suppress these disorders.

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Thousands of Ukrainians have been arrested. The list of prisoners reported in a single issue of *Dilo* fills eight columns. The *Kurier Lwowski* of October 21 reports the arrest of 1600 Ukrainians in Lemberg and vicinity alone. The Polish authorities attribute the insurrection to Bolshevist intrigues, but according to Austrian information, the movement is patriotic and nationalist, and was precipitated by Poland's refusal to fulfill its promise, made in the Constitution of March 1921, to give the people of East Galicia autonomy.

Dr. Lasocki, the Polish Minister to Austria, vigorously denied these reports in an interview published in the *Neue Freie Presse*. He had just returned from a several-weeks visit to Eastern Galicia, and asserted, on the strength of his personal observations, that 'the sporadic terrorism of many fanatics operating on the Russo-Polish border . . . has left the masses of the Ruthenian population cold.' He did not deny that 'arson, sabotage, and occasional assassination' have occurred, but said that it is absurd to characterize the men who commit such acts as national heroes.

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ARMS AND MEN

THE Vladivostok arms scandal continues to occupy the Japanese press. Tokyo *Asahi* published a sensational series of articles by Lieutenant Inouye, who is on the retired list, and apparently residing in Manchuria, describing in detail the intrigues and secret dealings through which both the northern and the southern armies in China, during the recent civil conflict in that country, manœuvered to tap the immense store of arms and munitions left in Vladivostok when the Allies withdrew from their 'chivalrous' and 'civilizing' expedition to Siberia. A third party was also eager to secure access to these 'cultural agencies' — the remnants of the White forces in Eastern Siberia itself.

The spontaneous or purchased sympathies of the Japanese officers stationed at Vladivostok appear to have been divided, some favoring Chang Tso-lin, the Mukden commander, and others favoring his southern opponent, General Wu Pei-fu. The informant quoted, who seems to have been deeply involved in this plotting and counter-plotting, observes: 'These differences were the main cause of the failure of our scheme' that is, to divert a considerable portion of the munitions — supplied largely at the expense of the United States treasury to rescue the Czechoslovakians and assist Admiral Kolchak — from their innocuous repose at Vladivostok to more active service in the work of reducing China's superabundant population.

A Major Hara of the Japanese army was eventually convicted of selling military equipment without authority to reactionary Chinese and Russian leaders for use against the Chita Government. Although Japan has now evacuated Siberia, and the whole incident has ceased to be of current importance, the Japanese newspapers are employing it to discredit the unpopular military party. A sentimental touch is added to the episode by the suicide of Major Hara's wife, who threw herself overboard from a steamer 'out of resentment against militarists whose heartlessness she thought had brought about the disgrace of her husband.' She took this typical Japanese method of transferring her husband's dishonor to the officers higher up, of whom he is alleged to have been a tool.

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RHODESIA STAYS OUT OF THE UNION

BY a majority of nearly three thousand out of a total vote of less than fifteen thousand, the people of South-

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ern Rhodesia rejected the plan to join the South African Union. This decision, which in many respects runs counter to the economic interests of this frontier province, is generally explained by the antipathy that the British residents feel for incorporation in 'a half-Dutch Commonwealth.' Rhodesia thus becomes the Newfoundland of South Africa. There are weighty reasons, however, why a separate political existence will prove more inconvenient for her than it does for her northern island analogue. In the first place, her territories are continuous with those of the Union; in the second place, her thirty-three thousand whites live in the midst of a native population estimated at eight hundred thousand. The Blacks are already agitating for the franchise.

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MINOR NOTES

STATISTICS published in connection with this year's meeting of the British Trade Union Congress indicate that the total membership of the unions represented was more than 5,127,000. This represents a decline of well toward 1,400,000 since the maximum enrolment in 1920, but is double the number enrolled at the outbreak of the war. The recent falling off in membership is accounted for largely by two facts: extensive unemployment, which prevents men from keeping up their dues, and a decline in women workers, who have left organized trades since the war, and have therefore disappeared from the union rolls. Even when trade-union membership exceeded six and one-half millions, however, considerably less than half of the fifteen million wage earners in Great Britain belonged to labor organizations.

WHEN the Marquis Paterno, the new Italian Minister to Afghanistan, and his staff of attachés and economic experts arrived in Kabul last June, they were the first Italians since Marco Polo, who had ventured beyond the southern frontier of Afghanistan. From Peshawar, the railhead in northern India, the Italians traveled by automobile over a magnificent British highway to Khyber Pass, the gateway to the land of their destination. They were accompanied by the Afghan ambassadors, who were just returning from a three years' tour of Europe and America, whither they had gone to announce that their nation had again taken its rank among independent states.

RUMANIA proposes to follow the footsteps of Mexico, by providing in the new constitution for the 'nationalization of the subsoil'; that is, the assumption by the State of the proprietorship of all mineral rights. However, the adoption of this policy would not affect rights already acquired. In fact it would go no farther than the exaction of a royalty upon the oil produced in Rumania.

DURING a general session of the Catholic Truth Society at the Mansion House in Dublin, De Valera propagandists distributed leaflets and interrupted and boohed the speakers, with the general tenor of whose addresses they disagreed. It is an almost unheard of incident in Ireland for members of an audience to interrupt a Bishop addressing a Roman Catholic assembly, with a Cardinal in the chair, two Archbishops on the platform, and countless priests in the audience. The demonstrators were mostly women, and their protests were directed mainly against the treatment of captured Irregulars. One woman addressed the speakers as 'torturers of prisoners.'

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POLAND IN EVOLUTION

BY PIERRE LAFUE

From *La Revue Universelle, October* 15
(PARIS CONSERVATIVE ROYALIST SEMIMONTHLY)

A TRAVELER who arrived in Warsaw last July found the country and city full of picturesque life and movement. Poland was in the midst of a great parliamentary crisis. The newspapers were filled with flaming appeals. People wore campaign badges and greeted each other with the inquiry: 'Pilsudski or Korfanty?' much as in olden days one asked, 'Are you Guelph or Ghibelline?' Korfanty was being violently attacked as a leader of reaction. 'Korfanty, son of a poor Silesian miner, to-day a rich man through his business enterprises, a person without principles, without conscience, a cynical adventurer, ready for anything,' — was the style of political invective that greeted the eyes on every hand. . . .

The Left was appealing to demagogic Nationalism, the Right to juristic pedantry, and both sides were utterly unrestrained in abusing their opponents. I noticed scarcely any clearing of the political atmosphere since I was last in Poland, in the very midst of the Bolshevist invasion of 1920. What are we to expect when a paper like the *Kurier Lwowski* writes: — 'The destinies of the country have come to a pass where the moderate measures that timid people advocate are no longer possible, where if democracy is vanquished by the corruption of the ballot box she cannot accept her defeat, but must resort to revolution'?

To whom are the epithets of 'Austrian,' 'German,' and 'traitor,' that one hears on every hand, addressed? The Right is as violent against the Pilsudski as the Left is against Korfanty. . . . Not a day passes that its partisans do not accuse the man at Belvidere Palace of being 'an ignorant illiterate' or 'a self-seeking autocrat.'

These battles are not confined to the press. During the late summer, public demonstrations were organized. 'Party militias' were enrolled. The Minister of the Interior tried vainly to dissolve these societies, but did not venture to use force. The Government avoids using the army — which is no longer composed, as in 1920, of educated volunteers loyal to the same ideals as the present Head of the State. The illiterate peasants who form the rank and file to-day obey their officers blindly, and these officers, it has been discovered, are mostly National Democrats. So the streets are turned over to the possession of the militant party groups. Happily, they have confined themselves up to the present to bombarding each other with radical tirades, and have avoided physical violence. But in upper Silesia where everything is still in a state of ferment, Korfanty has a strong organization, formed originally to fight the Germans, and now employed to fight his political opponents at home; and there physical encounters have occurred.

On July 23 some eighty thousand men belonging to the Polish Socialist party paraded at Kattowitz. They were attacked by the 'combatant groups' of the National Democrats, who tried to seize the Socialist standards, with the result that there was a veritable street-battle.

By the end of July the campaign

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reached a climax of violence. The Socialist leaders with whom I talked at Parliament House declared that if the Conservatives won, there would be a revolution; and a Clerical-Conservatist leader assured me that his side was ready to resist force with force.

What was the cause of the July crisis? It is a quarrel over words — as, for that matter, are most great controversies. In the Constitution of November 1918, under which Poland is still carrying on, in spite of the promulgation of a permanent Constitution, there is an ambiguous paragraph that makes the Head of the State, who ought to be above parties, responsible to them. At the same time that the constitution thus makes him a responsible servant of the State, it deprives him of authority to appoint the Prime Minister. This throws the Government into confusion, creates inevitable competition between two distinct authorities, and has revived the century-old conflict between the executive and the legislative powers that was such a prominent and disastrous feature of political life in Poland's earlier history. . . .

Poland's ills at present are therefore largely political. The country possesses ample natural resources and all the material conditions necessary for vigorous national life. All that it lacks is capacity to organize its wealth and to systematize production. Government employees monopolize for themselves practically the entire public revenue. The electoral system makes it impossible to reduce their numbers. Peter Drzewiecki, former Mayor of Warsaw, recently wrote in the *Kurier Warzawski:* 'We cannot secure foreign capital. Why? Because foreign capitalists fear — not without reason — that their investments if placed at the mercy of Polish legislation, will neither yield them an income nor be safe as to principal. . . . Let us take a striking example. Labor is the source of national wealth in every country. In Poland, after creating a Ministry of Labor, we discover that our production has declined to a point where we rank at the very foot of European nations.'

It would be impossible to state more emphatically the evils of a bureaucracy ruled by irretrievably corrupt politics, in a country where parliamentary government is not yet able to function properly.

Mr. Mazanowski, writing in the principal Warsaw review, *Polityka*, on the fifteenth of July, thus summarized the results of four years of parliamentary government: 'The Diet has lost all credit. It has become an object of universal contempt. . . . It has prolonged its existence beyond measure, and has long since ceased to lead and teach our young and still untutored Polish nation. It has become a source of public demoralization.'

Imbued by its history and tradition with the spirit of systematic opposition, the country, with the exception of Galicia, does not realize what law really is. Government officials are utterly unconscious of any limits to their authority, do whatever their impulses suggest, and do not hesitate to use their public position to gratify their private enmities. Knowing only the arbitrary government of the tsars, taught to fight despotism by individual initiative and guerilla tactics, they are not trained in the compromises and collective self-surrender upon which modern civilization is founded.

There is but one province in Poland that can furnish the country with a class imbued with the spirit of law, without which any government is but a fiction. That province is Galicia, which has been trained and disciplined by Austria, and has inherited the traditions of a great empire. Whatever organizing ability exists in Poland comes

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from Krakow. New legislation is often copied verbatim from the Hapsburg code. It is almost certain that Germanic influence will sooner or later fashion the social life of Poland. We Frenchmen may regret this. But we cannot overlook the fact that the salvation of our ally depends largely upon the triumph of this 'Galician spirit.' In a country torn by racial and religious dissensions, divided by local prejudices and antipathies, receiving its political and social practices and principles from three different monarchies and still looking back to three divergent civilizations, it is imperative that there should be some firm governmental bond, to emphasize the first necessity of all government — obedience to law.

'The fight goes on.' This is the sad and poignant refrain of liberated Poland. But against whom? Against shadows, against the phantoms of the past, against the realities of the present — if necessary, against herself. By an illusion that is quite understandable Poland still feels the chafing of a yoke that no longer exists. Trained by a century of subjugation to fight for liberty, she is ill prepared for the drudgery of peace. Indeed peace seems to her an insupportable burden. She turns against her own sons the weapons that but yesterday she used against her oppressors.

In view of the weakness of the parliamentary régime there is always the danger of a recourse to force. Each political party contains a latent Fascisti element; but hitherto there has been no serious violence. The National Democrats have their 'combat formations.' The Socialist party has its Civic Guards. Pilsudski, as we have seen, cannot count on his army, but he reviewed at Krakow last August the veterans of the Polish Legion, of which he was commander. These legionaries, grouped in associations that are simultaneously civic and military, may play an important rôle in the coming social, political, and even intellectual life of Poland. As I watched them defile before the ancient Royal Castle that is Poland's national shrine, the thought occurred to me that these men were, in fact, the personal bodyguard of the leader who there received their homage. They form a private militia on which he can rely. But at the same time they are the protagonists of a militant nationalism that will never admit that Poland owes her liberty to the Allies — that insists that their country's independence is their work alone.

The ignorance and apathy of the electorate may justify such powerful political ferment as these Fascisti bands represent. Nowaczynski said of his nation: 'Among us forty-eight per cent of the people know nothing of hygiene, sixty per cent cannot read and write, fifty per cent bathe but once in their lifetime — on the eve of their marriage.' And what are we to think of those peasant deputies, so touchingly anxious to serve their country well, but who none the less make the Diet seem a primary school? They form the *Piast*, or Country Bloc, which has more than once held the destinies of the country in its hands. It is not surprising that the political parties, in their desire to impress these masses, relegate principles to the background and resort to force and the grossest forms of misleading propaganda.

In the midst of these contradictions and uncertainties we are forced to ask whether there is a party of law and order in Poland. Or rather, does such a party profess the same principles and employ the same methods that we use?

We cannot question the patriotism of the parties on the Left, and in particular of the Polish Socialists. We may even wonder whether that patriotism is

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not too exacting, too ardent, too eager to isolate the country. . . .

The situation is very surprising to a Frenchman. Nationalism monopolized by the Left! Peasants so radical that they find even the programme of the Socialists over-moderate! Add to this that the cities are reactionary and the country revolutionary, and you have a picture of political life difficult enough for a Frenchman to comprehend.

In a book recently published at Warsaw, *Wsprawie Konserwtyzmu w Polsce*, the author, Mr. Plater, makes the unchallenged statement: —

> Conservatism never consolidated in Poland — either when peace was signed, or during the war, or in the course of the preceding century. Poland has never been able to develop a conservative spirit; and although conservative principles may be espoused by wider circles in our country than elsewhere, we are not far from the truth in saying that conservatism, as generally understood, not only is not organized, but does not even exist.

This seems to us final. The parties of the Right in Poland have always been parties of compromise rather than conservative parties. They have lived too long in an atmosphere of revolution. They are further weakened by the doubt that exists as to their unflinching patriotism under the old régime; and in such days as this a reputation for intractable patriotism is necessary to political success.

The author we have just quoted says 'The triple loyalty of the old conservatives (to Russia, Austria, and Germany) was the negation of conservatism.'

However, the conservative spirit, in its modern form and disembarrassed of its feudal encumbrances, is a necessity in this individualist country, so long under an arbitrary Cossack yoke. To quote Mr. Plater again: — 'The absence of a Conservative group renders impossible the formation of a parliamentary centre, that is to say, the attainment of that political equilibrium for which we instinctively long.'

Moreover, if Poland is a country of marked individual traits, it is also a country of contrasts. Its ecclesiastical traditions make Roman Catholicism the State religion, prevent the authorization of civil marriage, stigmatize atheism as almost a crime, and preserve the externals of what Radicals call seventeenth century religious institutions. But at the same time the country's Constitution is ultra-Democratic; both sexes have the right to vote, soldiers are eligible to office, and industrial democracy has been established in the factories by statutes providing for shop councils, conciliation courts, collective bargaining, and even labor representation in the Ministry of Labor. . . .

The National Democrats are reputed to be friendly to Russia, because their main strength is recruited from the industrial and small farming population, which has always depended on Russia for its markets. The Socialists, on the other hand, are friendly to Germany, partly because their leaders are hostile to French capitalism. I have talked this question over with many Socialists here. They tell me that French capitalists take a purely financial interest in their business; all they care for is their dividends. But German capitalists cherish industrial ideals, concern themselves in the physical welfare of their workers, and prefer to negotiate with their employees instead of courting strikes. In the eyes of the working people French exploitation is more detestable than German exploitation.

At the same time the Polish Socialists are bitterly hostile to Russia. The war against the Bolsheviki was very popular with them. They consider the

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apostles of Lenine doctrinal heretics and fight them with true fratricidal passion. This, too, inclines them toward Germany. Indeed, for some time past Germany has been utilizing the argument of their common Democratic institutions to pave the way for better relations with Poland. Rathenau, before his assassination, sent a Conservative-Socialist ambassador to Warsaw, a man very popular in certain Polish circles, who is utilizing the advantage of his position with a discretion and an unremitting industry that may eventually prove important. In fact the growth of democracy in Germany and Poland may produce some disagreeable surprises for us. . . . It is possible that German Democracy may become the final guarantor of Polish Democracy. . . . The alliance with France is almost unanimously regarded, to be sure, as the corner stone of Polish foreign policy. But the daily applications of that policy are subject to all the uncertainties and sudden contradictions that parliamentary control involves. . . .

In conclusion, we must attribute the principal weaknesses of Poland at the present time to her long subjection to three different Governments. . . . Poland is a country where centripetal forces are very weak and centrifugal forces very strong. The spirit of local autonomy is vigorous and self-asserting at Poznan, Krakow, Vilna, Kattowitz and elsewhere. The ideal that once united the different branches of the nation—its Messianic patriotism, its longing for independence—has now ceased to be a cohesive force. Up to the present no substitute for the earlier inspiration has been found. Conflicting traditions are making themselves felt. For instance the 'legionary poets' aspired to create a school of literature rooted deep in the national life. But they over-exaggerated their horror for all that was Russian. They over-anathematized Muscovite barbarism until they brought about a reaction. So they have lost caste. The Poles of Poznan remain loyal to German expressionism. The Poles of Galicia preserve their Austrian tastes and even to-day occasionally write books by preference in German. A brilliant young Polish critic, Witold Wandourski, said to me: — 'Poland is a Tower of Babel. Our intellectual sectionalism is even stronger than our administrative and political sectionalism.'

It is always dangerous to draw conclusions; but our study inevitably points to a conclusion. Poland is not a State, as French tradition conceives that term. It is not a Nation directed by a central government, supported by middle classes, maintaining a balance between its discordant social forces, ruling an organized territory with fixed natural frontiers, and embodying the common aspirations of its people. It is fortunate for Poland that the state as thus conceived is also decadent in Germany and Russia. Trust dictatorship or class dictatorship has destroyed in those great empires that political and social harmony that we learned from the century of Louis XIV. It is possible that Poland may live on for a period in a condition of chronic anarchy, but that is an exhausting condition. There are certain geographical and sociological constants essential to national life. Poland possesses hers as we possess ours. Bearing this in mind, Charles Maurras's saying seems truer than ever: 'France is a fatherland, but not all fatherlands are France, nor are they like France.'

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THE TURKISH QUESTION IN THE LIGHT OF HISTORY

BY PROFESSOR FRIEDRICH W. FOERSTER

[*This article is a review of a book by Vicomte E. de Guichen, of which we give bibliographical data elsewhere in this issue. Professor Foerster, formerly at Munich University and many years a resident of Japan, is one of the most distinguished German pacifists.*]

From *Neue Zürcher Zeitung, October 29*
(SWISS LIBERAL-REPUBLICAN DAILY)

THE author introduces his interesting and abundantly documented work with a sentence that appropriately emphasizes the importance of the Near Eastern question in world history: 'The records of diplomacy from the days when the flag of the Prophet was first unfurled from the walls of Byzantium might well be characterized as "A History of the Eastern Question," for this question lies behind all the controversies; it is the express or implicit pretext for all the conflicts; it is, so to say, the apple of discord that the evil genius of Europe has tossed into our midst to be a chronic source of evil and suffering for us.'

And indeed it is a most mysterious dispensation of Providence that the little protruding peninsula of Asia that men call Europe should never have been able to detach itself from the destinies of the Asiatic world. On the contrary, that world has profoundly influenced Europe's own development, has tested the strength of her institutions and civilizations, and has irresistibly enlarged her self-centred interests to embrace a globe-compassing horizon. During the Middle Ages the Crusades turned our European migrants from Asia back to the cradle of their ancestors. After the fall of Byzantium the Turkish peril weighed like a nightmare for generations on the mind of Europe. When that danger had been removed, Asia Minor and Egypt, as the keys to the Far East, began to absorb the attention and fire the rivalry of European Governments.

And if we trace the cause behind the World War to its ultimate source, we find that tragic conflict springing from the irrepressible instinct of Europe to push eastward. The competition between Russia and Austria in the Balkans looked beyond the rugged summits of that peninsula toward the gateway to Asia. Germany's watchword, 'Berlin to Bagdad,' harmonizing as it did the instinct of modern business imperialism with the age-old urge of Europe, Asia's child, back toward her motherland, has ever been to the thinking mind but a condensed expression of the ultimate impulse behind the whole Balkan conflict.

Conceived thus as a focal point of Europe's diplomatic interest, the Near Eastern question presents a double aspect. In the first place it uncovers a seething cesspool of base instincts, covetousness, nationalist passions, rivalry, and distrust; it records as repulsive a drama of unworthy intrigue as mankind has ever witnessed. We see reflected as in a merciless mirror the true features of so-called Western civilization. On the other hand the Near East, precisely because it is such a mighty source of discord, and inspires such powerful ambitions and far-reach-

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ing enterprises, has compelled the nations of Europe to seek some path of rational compromise and peaceful collaboration in respect to Asia.

Indeed our situation compels us to help Asia reach a condition where she will not be a constant source of discord and unsettlement in Europe. Do not the very latest developments on the Dardanelles prove that this focus of world rivalry will either precipitate us into a new world war covering Europe, Asia, and Africa, or else lead us a long step forward toward the harmonious coöperation of mankind to enforce justice and to reconcile our conflicting interests? Was not the sudden overthrow of Lloyd George an unmistakable symptom that the civilized world is weary of jingo policies and aggressive intrigues, and has learned at last to insist upon the gradual and less dramatic victories of peaceful compromise?

To be sure we are still a long way from the universal acceptance of the latter programme. We have many bitter experiences ahead of us before the public opinion of the world will cast off the shackles of its brute-force traditions. It is the special service of the book that lies before us, that it paints in vivid colors, but with a veracity abundantly confirmed by documents, the contemptible selfishness and unscrupulous sharp-dealing that characterize these policies of yesterday. It is an interesting and highly informing task to study Europe's intrigues and counter-intrigues at Constantinople seventy years ago, because of the glare of light they throw upon the real forces and rivalries involved in the present struggle for the Straits.

The Near Eastern crisis of 1839-1841 started with the sudden rise to power in Egypt of a former tobacco-merchant, Mehmet Ali, an exceedingly able, strong-willed man who succeeded within a very few years in lifting his country to a high degree of economic prosperity and in extending his influence far into Syria. This inevitably brought him into conflict with the traditional claims of the Sultan, and speedily centred the attention and intrigues of all Europe upon his country. Russia rejoiced at the prospect that Turkey might be dismembered, and was on the alert to seize Constantinople and the Dardanelles. England sought to keep Turkey intact as a counterweight to Russia. France was eager to get a foothold in Egypt in order to strengthen her position on the Mediterranean, and therefore backed up the Cairo usurper against the Sublime Porte. England wanted to control Syria, in order to have a land route to India. Consequently she notified Mehmet Ali: 'England will never permit your aggressive plans to disturb the equilibrium of Europe.'

In spite of these conflicting interests, an agreement was reached for common action against Mehmet Ali. Even Russia acceded, in order to avoid a general European war involving the Dardanelles. France, however, isolated herself on the pretext that she would not be a party to employing force against Egypt, since that would merely create an artificial situation. At the same time she vigorously asserted her interests in Egypt against England. This not only completely isolated France in Europe, but also stiffened Mehmet Ali's resistance to the Allies and to the claims of the Sultan. Indeed, it almost brought about a new general European war with everybody against France. Metternich thus referred to the situation in a letter: 'All that is needed is one silly act by Turkey to precipitate all Europe into chaos.'

Guichen shows how profoundly the European groupings of that period were still influenced by the intellectual and political after-effects of the French

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Revolution. All the Governments belonging to the Holy Alliance regarded France as a fomenter of revolutionary schemes, and interpreted her support of the Egyptian rebels in that light. Their common reactionary sympathies explain why Prussia joined Russia and the other Powers against France. The latter country countered by threatening the Holy Alliance — precisely as Russia threatens Western Europe to-day — with revolutionary propaganda in its own territories, and inciting its subjects to revolt against their rulers.

So for two years the diplomats of all Europe were busily at work isolating France and arranging some agreement among themselves for the common adjustment of the Near Eastern question. The most bitter interchanges were between England and France. Public opinion in France charged Great Britain with betraying her own political principles and joining with the reactionary Governments of Eastern and Central Europe merely for the sake of material advantages. We discover here how profound and permanent is the conflict between French and English interests in the Mediterranean Basin — a conflict that presented itself again at the time of the Fashoda crisis and has now been momentarily relegated to the the background solely because France is for the time being wholly preoccupied with her fear of Germany.

However, a new phase of this conflict is now dawning. The present triumph of French policy over British policy in the Near East is her revenge for 1840, and it will be followed by a revival of the efforts and ambitions that were defeated on the earlier occasion. France has the advantage to-day that her relations with the colored races are naturally more amicable than those of Great Britain; and in our coming world-adjustments tact and skill in handling men of the colored races have assumed an importance never before known in history.

During the controversy of 1839-1841 mutual intrigues, counter-intrigues, trickery, and sharp practice for a long time made a peaceful solution seem hopeless. The King of Belgium who intervened at London in behalf of peace explained the failure of his mission thus: 'Personal vanities have been wounded, personal ambitions stimulated. The names of statesmen have become associated with certain contentions. Private recriminations are confused with arguments.' These are observations that apply aptly to every form of human controversy. And it is interesting to note that in spite of an apparently hopeless situation, the imperative need of united action in the Near East was so impressed upon statesmen and nations, that eventually mutual compromises were made, which brought France back into the European concert.

One particularly interesting chapter in this volume describes the after-effects of these incidents upon the relations between France and Germany. What the author points out is fundamental in explaining the psychological and political history of the later phases of the Franco-German conflict. France was defeated in her programme of expansion in the Levant, and thereupon recurred to the idea of seizing the left bank of the Rhine. Some members of Parliament like the Marquis de Noailles, and a few newspapers, made discreet allusions to this possibility. A French diplomat at St. Petersburg dropped the hint: 'Give us the Rhine and we will let you have Constantinople.' As if to enforce this hint more strongly, certain Paris journals threatened: 'A Russian army at the gates of Constantinople will mean a French army upon the Rhine.' These manœuvres naturally caused intense bit-

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terness toward France in every part of Germany. All the humiliation, oppression, and suffering that Germany had known during the Napoleonic invasion were recalled to the memory of the people. This universal disquiet and foreboding strengthened the movement for German unity, for military preparedness, and for alliances against France. The great sympathy for France that characterized Germany during the eighteenth century was not merely destroyed, but changed to enmity, by the country's suffering under Napoleon.

Therefore the author of this volume is right in emphasizing the remark of the German historian, Hillebrand, that France made German unity. And that remark does not apply merely to 1870, but in a much higher degree to the growth of a sentiment hostile to France, and to a corresponding friendliness for Prussia, throughout southern Germany during the 1840's. Renan's letters to David Strauss in 1870 describe a very different France; but that France came too late to rectify the hostile distrust of that country that lingered in Germany from the days of Napoleon. In world history the sins of the fathers are visited upon their descendants for many generations.

It is significant — and by no means a mere coincidence — that the Near Eastern question with all its tremendous difficulties and problems should have presented itself anew to Europe just when Europe is overburdened with problems at home. In a large and true sense, Europe cannot solve her home problems without revising her whole attitude toward Asia. The recovery, or better said, the creation, of political and economic order in the world cannot be accomplished by partial remedies. We are dealing with a world problem that can be solved only by breaking utterly with the opportunist and realistic, or 'practical' policies to which the statesmen of our age are devoted, and of which the most consistent and admired exponents have been Bismarck and Lloyd George. We face a decision. Will the disastrous results of the policy of selfish gain and exploitation we have been pursuing, that is leading us so clearly toward ever sadder experiences and darker abysses of peril, at last teach us to choose a new course, guided by a true world policy, and not by a mere 'I myself' policy? Such a policy can issue from but a single source — Geneva.

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FIUME AND THE FASCISTI

BY THEODOR BERKES

From *Berliner Tageblatt, November* 1
(LIBERAL DAILY)

ZANELLA, the fugitive, homeless President of the so-called Free State of Fiume, and himself a man of Italian descent, has again come to Belgrade, and taken up his residence in our bright-tiled Hotel Moskva. I have called upon him and he has permitted me to read a bundle of telegrams just received from an unspecified border-station, describing the present situation on the Adriatic Coast. The Italian Fascisti are now the masters there, and are stirring up the restless spirits of the country for new enterprises. The situation is a tense one, and the conviction that sooner or later there must be a settlement of the Adriatic issue, by force of arms, is firmly fixed in the South Slav mind.

Most people are familiar with what has gone before. After tedious diplomatic and political negotiations, and several times coming to the verge of war, d'Annunzio was finally driven out of Fiume more than two years ago and the Treaty of Rapallo was signed between Italy and Yugoslavia, to settle all outstanding issues between the two countries. But this Treaty has not been put into effect even to-day. At a conference held at Rome last year, an effort was made to conclude a supplementary agreement providing for the evacuation by Italy of the disputed territories, for removing irritating commercial friction, and for setting up the machinery of the Fiume Free State. But just then Giolitti and Sforza, who were honestly trying to reach a peaceful settlement, were overthrown, and their successors, Bonomi and Della Torretta, would have nothing to do with the work of the preceding Cabinet. Last February the Bonomi Ministry in turn was defeated, but by that time the Fascisti had established such a foothold in the Fiume district that Facta and Schanzer, though more disposed than the preceding Cabinet to observe Italy's obligations, were unable to prevent the Fascisti from overthrowing Zanella's autonomous Government at Fiume — March 3, 1922 — and driving him and his parliamentary majority out of the country.

Negotiations were resumed at the Genoa Conference, where Lloyd George prevailed upon the representatives of the two countries to accept the convention of Santa Margarita, by which Italy and Yugoslavia agreed upon twenty-two points governing the application of the Rapallo Treaty, and obligating Italy to evacuate immediately the so-called Third Zone and Sushak, the Slavic suburb of Fiume proper. This understanding — May, 1922 — provided for a special Commission to adjust all unsettled boundary disputes. But Rome delayed ratifying this arrangement from day to day, and now that the Fascisti have seized power, there is little probability that it will be signed. Sushak, which lies within Yugoslavia proper, was seized by the Fascisti during a foray, and its little garrison put to the sword. Fascisti hydroplanes flew over the Yugoslav fleet during its manœuvres at Bukari, but were forced to descend and were captured.

The Fascisti oppression of the Slavic

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population of Istria is daily growing more unendurable. South Slav coöperative societies and sick-relief societies are violently broken up and — at least we are told here — are robbed of their funds. The Governor and the local Legislature in Trentino have been forced to resign. As to Fiume, to quote a Yugoslav member of parliament from that vicinity, 'Only God Himself knows what is happening there.'

Zanella, the fugitive President of Fiume, is a man about forty-five years old, with a boyish, clear, pink complexion, but gray hair. His life has been one of romantic adventures. He described the present situation at Fiume to me as follows: —

'The Fascisti raids of the last four years have utterly ruined Fiume. It is a dead city. No one is working. We have neither postal nor railway connection with our back-country — Yugoslavia, Hungary, Austria, Czechoslovakia, and Galicia. Where a few years ago everything was life and activity, to-day there is the stillness of death. Not a single steamship calls at the port of Fiume. Private property has been destroyed and the people are in abject misery. The State is in the hands of strangers and foreigners — Fascisti from Trieste and other parts of Italy. To be sure, there are also Italian regulars in Fiume. However, they make no effort to control the Fascisti, but encourage them in every way. Their attitude leaves the Fascisti a free hand to work their will. The people of Fiume are helpless to raise a voice of protest, to petition for the withdrawal of the Italian regulars stationed in Fiume in clear violation of our treaties, and to appeal to the world against Fascisti terrorism.

'The March assault, where my little force of two hundred police officers defended the Government House for eight hours against twelve thousand Fascisti and Italian regulars, overthrew, for the time being, the Free City of Fiume. In order to escape the terrorism and oppression of the Fascisti, my Government with its parliamentary majority, some eight hundred of our loyal policemen, and I have taken refuge in Yugoslav territory.

'We have been waiting here for seven months, because the Italian Government supports the illegal régime of force at Fiume, and subsidizes it to the extent of two and one-half million lire a month, without any legal mandate by treaty or from the League of Nations to do so. The Italian Government fancies that we shall be forced by our poverty and distress to barter away our independence. We shall not do so. A great majority of the legally elected parliament of Fiume are steadfastly resolved to fight to the last for the independence of their city. Of course we know that a little annexationist party and the Fascisti are proposing to hold a new election in Fiume during our exile, in order to give a legal pretext to their pretensions. This scheme is directly inspired by the Government at Rome, which has informed the people of Fiume that it will advance a proposed credit of two hundred million lire to that city only after an ostensibly 'legal' — that is, pro-Italian — Government has been set up.

'Of course, such an election will be a gross swindle, for at the present time there are more than five thousand Fascisti with rifles and machine guns in the city. Those familiar with Fascisti methods are well aware that this means that no champion of autonomy or friend of Yugoslavia will dare present himself at the ballot boxes.

'The sole purpose of the Fascisti reinforcements that flocked into the city is to prevent the enforcement of the Rapallo Treaty. Reports have reached us that some ten thousand other Fas-

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cisti in Venetia Julia stand in readiness to join the five thousand already on the ground, the moment the agreement of Santa Margarita is ratified. Their plan is said to be not only to hold Fiume, but to blow up the bridges connecting that city with Yugoslavia, and to seize the whole Dalmatian Third Zone.

'Consequently, the Adriatic situation is again most critical. The Yugoslav Government intends to appeal to the League of Nations in case the Santa Margarita agreement is not carried out. As you are probably well aware, these provocations have now caused the South Slavs to form a defensive Fascisti and Comitadji organization, which is rapidly being strengthened and extended and will soon be in a position to reply to the Italian Fascisti in their own language.

'We natives of Fiume wish our city to be a free port. That will serve not only our own interests, but also those of Yugoslavia, Italy, and other nations. Before the war English vessels alone annually loaded and discharged more than 600,000 tons of freight at our wharves.'

Since d'Annunzio first seized Fiume, seven attempts have been made to assassinate Zanella. When I asked him about this he laughed unconcernedly and said he presumed the Italian Government disclaimed all responsibility for his personal safety. In fact, he is undoubtedly bitterly hated in Italy. When I expressed this surmise, he said: 'Oh, that is nothing. We all know that a man who fears for his life dies twice.'

MAKING WAR AND PEACE

BY J. E.

[*A ten-volume series entitled* Der Grosse Krieg *is being issued in Germany. The last number of this series to appear is a collection of monographs edited by Lieutenant-General Schwarte, dealing with Austria-Hungary's services in the great conflict. The following article is a review of one of these monographs entitled 'Oesterreich-Ungarische Politik in den Kriegsjahren' by Lieutenant-Colonel Edmond Glaise-Horstenau, who was editor of the military reports of the Operations Division of the Austro-Hungarian High Command during the War.*]

From *Vossische Zeitung, October* 19
(Berlin Liberal Daily)

This author introduces his contribution to the volume with an attempt to fathom the state of mind of Government circles, and especially of the old Emperor, on the eve of the War.

Between the old Emperor's reception of the tragic news from Serajevo and his signing the declaration of war, yawns a gulf across which we can hardly throw to-day a psychological bridge. It is hardly to be assumed that he shared the opinion of a considerable part of the public, that the Serbian Government was directly cognizant of the plan to assassinate the Crown Prince. In any case, when the Ultimatum was delivered, the people around the Emperor were still perfectly confident that Belgrade would yield again, as she had done in 1908-1909, and in 1912-1913. When it turned out differently, Francis-Joseph consoled himself with at least one modest ray of hope:

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'Breaking off diplomatic relations does not necessarily mean war.' Three days later his Minister, Count Berchtold, brought him the report that the Serbs were attacking us on our southeastern frontier. This report, as was shown later, was but one of the countless false alarms (like that of the bombs dropped upon Nuremberg) that fairly filled the air on the eve of hostilities, spontaneously generated by the overheated imagination of the men upon the border, and readily credited by officials who were in a state of panic lest the enemy steal a march on them at the very outset.

Before the dust had cleared away, the Emperor had signed a declaration of war against Serbia; and it was characteristic of Austria that, hopelessly black as the situation was, we still fancied we saw one gleam of hope, that 'a nation of conspirators like the Serbs, whose hands were dripping in blood, would find no allies.' But this hope proved equally delusive; and when the flames of the World War flared up on every side, a pall of pessimism and apathetic resignation settled over the spirits of the Emperor.

The old Emperor died, and a new monarch ascended the throne — the husband of Zita of Parma. He wanted peace at any price.

Late in January 1917, Empress Zita's mother, the Archduchess Maria-Antonia, met for the first time after the war began, her two sons, Sixtus and Xavier, both of whom were serving in the British army. This meeting occurred in Neuchatel, at the residence of M. Boy de la Tour, 7 rue du pommier. According to the statement of Prince Sixtus, his mother came at the instance of her imperial son-in-law, to ask them to make known in Paris Austria-Hungary's readiness for peace. Sixtus, the abler and more ambitious of the two brothers, was not contented with the kind of glory he was likely to win in the trenches of Dickebusch; he aspired to higher things. He hoped to play a brilliant rôle in the history of France and thereby to add to the fame of the Royal House of Bourbon — and possibly more. He dreamed of nothing less than, with the aid of his family connections, eventually drawing Austria-Hungary away from Germany, isolating the latter country, and thus enabling France to win a complete victory over her hated hereditary enemy.

Colonel Glaise-Horstenau then gives an exact chronological account of the subsequent course of the Parma adventure. The next step was a conversation, on the thirteenth of February, between the boyhood friend of the Austrian Emperor, Count Erdödy, and Sixtus, who had already taken up the matter at Paris with Jules Cambon. Their meeting-place was again the residence of M. Boy de la Tour. The Parmas wanted, first of all, to detach Austria from Germany. The written instructions that Count Czernin, who from the very beginning was at least partly conversant with the affair, gave to Count Erdödy to guide him in further negotiations, stated emphatically that the Quadruple Alliance would not make peace except as a unit. The Emperor himself did not object to this condition; but he added a marginal comment of assurance that Austria 'would support the claims of France to Alsace-Lorraine and exercise all possible pressure upon Germany.'

Nothing could be done at Paris along the lines that Czernin prescribed. It was much easier to secure attention for the Emperor's marginal note. That is precisely what Sixtus did when, 'with a palpitating heart,' he interviewed the President of the French Republic on March 5 and again on March 8. The Prince's fluent arguments finally persuaded Poincaré that the Emperor's marginal memorandum might be made the basis for further negotiations. The result of the interview was that, constantly keeping the idea of a separate armistice with Austria in view, Emperor Charles was to be persuaded to approve formally the return of Alsace-Lorraine to France, the evacuation and

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compensation of Belgium, the restoration of Serbia with an outlet to the sea through Albania, and the surrender of Constantinople to Russia.

On the basis of these proposals, Prince Sixtus wrote a letter to his brother-in-law, the Emperor, urgently advising him to clasp the hand that France extended. He enclosed, at the same time, the draft of a note to be addressed to the Entente, that merely required the Emperor's signature. The first clause of this draft was, verbatim: —

> Austria-Hungary voluntarily recognizes the right of France to Alsace-Lorraine as bounded by its original frontiers; she will support the claims of France to this territory with all her power and influence.

At a new interview between Prince Sixtus and Count Erdödy, the Emperor's emissary no longer left things at loose ends. He immediately took the Prince with him to Vienna, and himself hurried away to Laxenburg, to deliver the draft personally to Charles. A Crown Council was held at the Palace on March 22, where Czernin proposed that the sacrifice asked of Germany should be sugared by selling Poland to Berlin. This was just at the time when the overthrow of the Tsar was causing Austria's Court circles many anxious moments, and the prospect of American intervention was beginning to be viewed at Vienna with serious alarm.

In the midst of this depressing atmosphere the Emperor wrote his ominous letter of March 24, 1917. Czernin did not know its contents, but as Lieutenant-Colonel Glaise-Horstenau points out, 'He was responsible for them in so far as he did nothing positive to deter the Emperor from writing.' The wording followed very closely the draft of Prince Sixtus, especially in the statement regarding Alsace-Lorraine. We have no documentary evidence to show what additional assurances, if any, the Emperor gave Prince Sixtus with regard to countermanding an Austro-German offensive against Italy. The truth is, such an offensive had not yet been fully decided upon; but that fact, naturally, did not entitle a Chief Commander of the Central Powers to make any communication whatever upon the subject to a hostile Government, or to make promises to that Government regarding any future operations on an important section of the fighting front.

Then followed Czernin's well-known memorandum of April 12, 1917, which was designed to emphasize Austria's desire for peace, and especially to impress the minds of Germany's army leaders. Technically it was addressed to the Austrian Emperor, but actually it was intended for moderate circles in Germany. Its pessimism, however, impressed deeply even the Vienna Court. We discover this from a letter that Tiza wrote to Czernin, in which he said: —

> We must have no signs of weakness. Above all just now . . . I beg you, make no further public statements along the line of your Memorandum. . . . A pessimistic attitude on the part of the leader of our foreign affairs will inevitably ruin everything. I know that you are discreet. But I beg you to impress upon His Majesty and his associates that they must keep up an outer appearance of confidence.

Count Ledochowski, the Emperor's adjutant, brought Czernin's memorandum to Kreuznach. Emperor Charles wrote in his own hand to the Kaiser, imploring him: 'We are fighting against a new enemy more dangerous than the Entente: against international revolution.'

Meanwhile, a volte-face had occurred at Paris. A new Cabinet, presided over by the aged Ribot, had succeeded Briand's Cabinet, which had been friendly to Austria and to a peace move. Poin-

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caré, to be sure, was 'as amiable as ever' in his conversations with Prince Sixtus on March 31 and April 6. But Ribot was decidedly noncommittal and reserved. On April 12 he informed Prince Sixtus that it was agreed with Lloyd George to take the Italian Government into their confidence. Sixtus was beside himself. He assumed at once that Italy would do her utmost to wreck the plans so patiently and laboriously worked out for concluding a speedy peace. Thereupon the Prince was promised, upon Ribot's word of honor, that in the communications with Italy the personal efforts of Emperor Charles would not be mentioned.

The result of a meeting at St. Jean de Maurienne, on April 19, confirmed the worst fears of the Prince. Jules Cambon excused himself on the ground of Italy's opposition. Lloyd George, optimistic as always, urged consolingly that Italy might perhaps be satisfied with Trentino and a couple of Dalmatian islands. This was the straw to which they still clung. Count Erdödy was sent again, to induce Prince Sixtus to make still another trip to Austria. Again Prince Sixtus took with him the draft of a statement for the Emperor to sign. This resulted in the Emperor's writing his letter dated May 9. But Charles again evaded the point that the Prince considered most important of all — his consent to a separate peace. Consequently Prince Sixtus is seriously at fault for interpolating, in an *aide-memoire* to Czernin, that Austria-Hungary was ready for a separate peace. But even this profited nothing, since Italy had taken a hand. Ribot, in spite of his solemn promises to keep the matter secret, let the Italian Minister of Foreign Affairs read both the Emperor's letters. That ended matters once for all.

In August Czernin again conceived the hope that a general peace might be made through overtures to France. Conversations occurred in Switzerland between the Austrian diplomat Revertera and a distant relative of that gentleman, Count Armand, a Major of the French General Staff. Indeed, they were held at the suggestion of the General Staff itself. The first meeting was on August 7. The offer to Austria was very tempting. But on August 22 it appeared that Germany would be asked not only to return Alsace-Lorraine, but also to consent to the military neutralization of the left bank of the Rhine, to the restoration of Poland within its frontiers of 1772, and to the cession of Heligoland to an Entente Power; in return for which she would receive back the German colonies, and be given eventual compensations from the colonial possessions of the Entente Governments. A secret note was appended, containing, as a special bait for Austria, the prospect of annexing Poland, and Lovchen in Montenegro, which would make the Hapsburgs all-powerful in Central Europe. In spite of that, however, Austria insisted that she could consider only a general peace, made by all the four members of the Central Power Alliance.

Thus ends the author's account of this phase of war diplomacy. He then proceeds to describe the Geneva meeting between our Ambassador, Count Mensdorff, who is to-day our representative at the League of Nations, and General Smuts. They met between the fifteenth and the twentieth of December. Smuts was accompanied by Philip Kerr, Lloyd George's private secretary. At that time London was planning great things for Austria. It was proposed to make her an autonomous State, with a federal constitution that would bring together, in a more or less loose association, all the countries of the former Hapsburg Empire on one side, and Poland, Serbia and Rumania

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on the other. Austria was to be enlarged, as a counterpoise to Germany's possible military ambitions. But this 'temptation in the desert,' where all the glories of the wonderful paradise of peace and prosperity were spread out before the eyes of Austria, reached no result, because Mensdorff was strictly forbidden by his instructions to discuss a separate peace under any circumstances. Vienna then made other overtures to President Wilson. Last of all, early in February 1918, a second meeting occurred between Revertera and Armand.

All this occurred when the old Royal House on the Danube was already beginning to creak and quiver with premonitions of its coming collapse. Who will dispute the author's conclusion, that in view of the unmistakable portents of the coming hurricane speeding toward us from the horizon, the Emperor and his advisers must have been strongly tempted to follow Bismarck's precedent of seeking safety beyond the borders of an existing alliance? The fact that this was not done — that the Hofburg and the Ballplatz during these last hours unhesitatingly rejected the overtures from the West — will disperse many shadows that have gathered over the history of the relations among the Central Powers during the last two years that they fought side by side.

A THEOLOGUE IN A STREET GANG

BY FRANZ MÜLLER

From *Vossische Zeitung, October* 31
(Berlin Liberal Daily)

Of late a new word has begun to appear in the daily papers: *Werkstudent* — working-student. The pitiless severity of the times has forced a great number of students to take up the pick and shovel and earn by the sweat of their brow and the toil of their muscles money to pay for the education to which they aspire. I say aspire, because unless a man has a healthy, vigorous aspiration, he will not spend his vacation mining coal, digging excavations, building roads, cleaning lamps, relaying rails, or in other like pursuits.

I am one of those to whom his future profession appeals so strongly that he would rather undergo a thousand hardships and humiliations than sacrifice it for a different career. I am the son of a government official's widow, who was left with a large family. When I returned from the army to begin my university course, I realized that we had a hard struggle before us to make ends meet, but I had not the slightest premonition of what the reality was to be. After my fourth semester, I spent my vacation as an office clerk, and during my fifth and sixth semesters I taught during my extra hours, at a boys' school in Breslau. This practical experience as a teacher has in many ways been more valuable to me than any amount of theoretical training. I planned to make up for the time lost teaching, by studying this last vaca-

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tion. But almost immediately I found it necessary to devote my afternoons to giving private lessons, and when the recent tremendous fall in the mark occurred, I was forced to relinquish the idea of vacation study. Thereupon my experience as a pavement-layer in Berlin began.

The father of one of my student friends is a contractor's foreman. He readily gave me a little card bearing the following legend: 'Laborer M. is in my employ. B. H.'

The next morning I put on my *wichs* or working togs: a pair of old army-shoes, a clean pair of overalls, and my old military tunic. I was not fortunate enough to have a red handkerchief to take the place of my collar and cravat, which I naturally left at home.

At the usual University interval, fifteen minutes before the hour, I was on hand, ready to begin work in Belle-Alliance Platz. I waited for my comrades, who presented themselves promptly at the very moment when our working time began. But they had already spent fifteen minutes on the road with their tool wagon and asphalt kettle.

I spied my foreman, went up to him with a bold but still somewhat intimidated feeling, and handed him my work-card with the following Spartan greeting: 'Morning! I am ordered to lend you a hand here.'

'Bully good of you,' he replied with a sarcastic scowl. 'Where was yer last job?'

'Siemens-Schukert,' I answered with great presence of mind. For it was a fact that I worked in the shell-shop there for ten weeks during the war, before I was called into active service.

'Ah so, no matter, I just wanted to find out what you were good for before I put you on a job. You look like a bright fellow, and you can probably lend me a hand, as you said, but I don't want any smart talk. Take your pick and get that stuff out of there.'

So I took my pick, thinking to myself: 'With a job like that a fellow does not need many orders. All he has to do is to go ahead.' So I swung my pick with all the zeal of a beginner; but I had hardly taken half a dozen strokes when I had to stop because several electric cars must pass the place where I was picking between the rails. I discovered promptly that there would be more resting than picking in this job, because I already heard another car grinding around the corner, headed toward me like a fire engine. I reassured myself with the reflection that the tramcar had an airbrake, and picked away merrily and busily at my lumps of cement. But I was interrupted by a flood of sarcastic comment from the motorman, who had pulled up just behind me.

'Come now, old faker, trying to make out you are doing an honest job! *Magni-fi-cent!*' A moment's pause — in the sarcastic comments, not in my picking — before the fellow resumed: 'I never expected to see it. Our laborers are getting more reactionary every day.' Then raising his voice to a roar, he fairly megaphoned from his tremendous beer-funnel: 'Get out of the way there! Do you think I've forgotten to say my morning prayer?'

The laborer next to me retorted: — 'You had better shut your mouth and say an "Our Father."'

About ten o'clock the foreman shouted, 'Fifteen!' That meant breakfast. We laborers quickly gathered around the gravel wagon, the wheelbarrows, and the asphalt kettle to swallow our bread and butter and drink a cup of coffee. I had delayed hitherto to introduce myself, and took the occasion to do so now.

'My name is Franz!' — and like the

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echoes in a forest: — 'Otto' — 'Ernst' — 'Karl' — 'Albert' — 'Harry' — 'Yustav-Adolph of Sweden!' came from the gang.

'Yustav-Adolph' was already a little exhilarated by a couple of early morning drinks, and started to recount all the famous exploits of his royal family. He lauded to the skies the monarchical form of government, although a copy of *Rote Fahne* was sticking out of the pocket of his coat.

I made my first venture into friendly conversation with my associate: — 'Come, come, Gustav, a Monarchist and a Communist in a single Gustav —that does not go. It is a paradox.'

'What is that thing, paradox?'

'Faking,' I said by way of explanation. But Gustav came back with a quick retort: 'No, no, Franz, with those specs and those white arms, and that pious phiz, you are no class-conscious proletarian. Do you get me?'

And Albert chimed in: 'Sure, he is a disguised doctor.' Otto suggested to Ernst that he should try some of his book lingo on me, whereupon Ernst soberly addressed me with the following classical remark: 'Parlez vous frangsée. Je'tais prisonnier ang Frangs étang Marokko! Mä nix bong mangje.'

Thereupon I replied to him in a longish French sentence, which he understood and answered fairly well. We did not observe how absorbed we had become in our conversation until our breakfast time was over, and we found we had not eaten. During our dialogue the others listened with great interest. They were demonstrative in their admiration of Ernst, but exhibited diffident reserve toward me, after they discovered I was a student. But this attitude wore off before the day was over, and after two or three days we were the best of comrades, especially when the men discovered that I was intensely interested in labor questions and in their own practical economic problems.

I studied with deep sympathy an elderly man of the laboring class, already worn out with his years of toil, who spoke very rarely, and ate his bread and drank his coffee in silence. The evidence of a life of hard and unremitting toil was deeply imprinted on his countenance. Whenever his face did lighten up with a friendly smile, a feeling of relief shot through my heart.

Otto and I were standing bent over, side by side, each plying as if for a wager an iron 'toothpick,' scratching the gravel out between the joints of the paving stones into which hot asphalt was to be poured. As we labored away busily at our job, Otto suddenly inquired out of the clear sky: —

'You partner, what's spiritualism, anyhow?' Without straightening up or stopping my work, I delivered a lecture to him upon spiritualism, hypnotism, and suggestion. He listened the way a child listens to a fairy story, and when I had finished said, with a sigh: 'Ah, that must be fine, to have an education like that; then you don't have to believe everything they tell you.'

Gustav and I were boiling asphalt and pouring it out of cans into the joints we had just cleaned between the paving stones. It is very heavy work, for it takes all the strength a man possesses to keep from slopping asphalt unnecessarily upon the pavement in carrying the cans to and fro. I showed him my blistered hands, and asked him for a piece of adhesive plaster. He grasped my hand and started to smear hot asphalt on it. I thought it was a trick, and tried to pull away. But he merely laughed and said: 'Evening gray and morning red, make a sailor shake his head. — Look up there, Franz, see the bride in the window crying her eyes out'; and before I had time really to protest, he had covered the

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broken skin with his tarry remedy. It worked like magic. When I told him so he remarked with a grin: 'Yes sir, Franz, when I was a lad I wanted to be a physician. It must be a fine trade, patching people up like that, but my old folks always said: "No, Gustav, you are going to be a preacher." But none of your black coats for me — the scheming, tricky fellows.'

I began to feel like Daniel in the lion's den. But I already knew him well enough to realize he meant only half what he said. It suddenly occurred to him to ask me: 'What are you studying to be, anyway?'

On my replying that I was a theological student, he exclaimed: —

'Oh, my God, no. You studying to be a preacher! What's in your noddle? What kind of one?'

I said, 'Catholic.'

'Oh God, no! Surely not! Man alive, Franz, you won't be able to get married!'

When I insisted seriously that this was my intention, he made a joking pass at me with his fist: 'No, no, you'll change your song, you won't do that.'

Then assuming a more serious tone he added: 'Well, you are not such a bad fellow. I tell you, Franz, let's take a walk to-night, and talk the question over!'

Our friendly walk together was one of the happiest experiences of my service as a pavement-laborer. Words fail me to tell what it meant to us.

Another day, just before we knocked off work. Harry and I had been working side by side for four hours without interruption, knocking the old, hard asphalt off the pavement stones with sharp hammers. We had been steadily bending over our task for four hours, in a cold drizzling rain. We straightened up for a moment, and the following conversation occurred: —

'Look there, Franz, do you see that? That fine carriage with the rubber tires? That is the way they travel now!'

'Thunder and lightning,' I said, 'it *is* a fine carriage. Those magnificent horses and the black vehicle behind them make a picture.'

'What's a picture to me? I'd pitch a bomb into that picture.' And clenching his fists until the knuckles were white, he muttered: 'The classes! I hate them!'

'But, Harry,' I said soothingly, 'just wait a minute. Am I riding in that carriage, or am I standing here in the dirt and gravel like yourself? Do you think I have a spark of hatred in my heart at seeing that? No, Harry. Hatred is a beastly thing. It does not make us any happier. I enjoy seeing those fine horses, and even if a man does not own them he can take pleasure in them. You are a hard-working fellow, Harry. Stop and think a minute. You may have property of your own.'

Just a suspicion of a smile flickered across Harry's toil-worn countenance. He took his *Rote Fahne* out of his pocket, tore it in two and thrust it into the fire under the asphalt kettle.

'Franz, old boy,' he said, 'Maybe I talk too much. Write me sometime when you get back to Breslau. You have got different ideas.'

I could repeat many conversations, sometimes touching, sometimes humorous, sometimes serious, like those I have mentioned. No student who is forced to get out and work shoulder to shoulder with the ordinary laboring man will ever regret his experience,

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A PLEA FOR THE REPUBLIC

BY THOMAS MANN

[*At the national fête upon the sixtieth birthday of Gerhard Hauptmann, the greatest living poet of Germany, Thomas Mann, who is probably the first literary critic and novelist of that country, delivered a notable address, professing his allegiance to the Republic and Democracy. In view of Mann's devotion to the cause upheld by the Monarchy during the War, and the ideals developed in his book* Betrachtungen eines Unpolitischen, *reviewed in the* Living Age *of July 16, 1921, this doubtless seemed to many a sensational recantation. His auditors were mainly university men who presumably anticipated a very different message. We print below the more significant paragraphs of this address.*]

From *Die Neue Rundschau, November*
(Berlin Literary Monthly)

I am no Pacifist of either the fanatical or the unctuous school. Pacifism as a world philosophy, as spiritual vegetarianism, as sensible middle-class millennialism, is not part of my nature. But neither was it part of Goethe's nature, nor would it have been under any conditions. And yet he was a man of peace. I am no Goethe; but slightly, indirectly, so to speak, remotely related to his family. And I, too, am a man of peace. For peace is the realm of culture and thought, while war is the realm of the brute. Not of the brute alone, no, but as human nature and our world are to-day, war is little else than a paroxysm of the brute.

The world and the peoples of the world are old and wise to-day; their epic and heroic age lies far behind them. To try to return to that age is to struggle futilely against the laws of time, to cultivate a spiritual untruth. To-day war is a lie and all its works are lies. No matter how noble and honorable the sacrifices that we lay on its altar, war itself has lost all nobility and honor. Therefore it now stands revealed in all its nakedness to every eye not willfully self-deluded, as a triumph of whatever is brutal, whatever is base, whatever is mortally hostile to culture and reason, as a mere orgy of blood and egoism, of ruin and evil.

Confess the truth boldly, for this is the truth. I do not assert this with political malice. I would not for a moment wound the feelings of you, young veterans of the war, who shed your blood and saw your comrades shed their blood for an ideal. That was an experience that is holy and should be cherished as holy in your hearts. I am no Thersites of pure reason, no spiteful partisan, to rejoice self-righteously in the humiliation and spiritual bereavement of those whose ideals have turned to ashes. I know what blood and death and comradeship are. But a poet whose verses are a constant pæan to the manly hero has himself caught a vision of the true ugliness of modern war — as a reversion to barbarism without object or glory: —

Des Schöpfers Hand entwischt, rast eigenmächtig
Unform von Blei und Blech, Gestäng und Rohr.
Der sélbst lacht grimm, wenn falsche Heldenreden
Von Vormals klingen, der als Brei und Klumpen
Den Bruder sinken sah, der in der schandbar
Zerwühlten Erde haufte wie Geziefer . . .
Der alte Gott der Schlachten ist nicht mehr.

(Escaped from the creator's hand, it rages unrestrained — a monster of rods and tubes, of lead and steel. He who has seen his brother blown to

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gory mist and fragments, who has lurked, as vermin do, in the gaping wounds of the violated earth, laughs grimly at false heroic rantings borrowed from an earlier age. . . . The ancient God of Battles is no more.)

No, the ancient war-god is no more. He has become but a lifeless and repulsive idol, and to make sacrifice to him to-day is but political obscurantism and quixotism. Our sense of self-respect and human dignity bid us pitch this red and ragged tyrant from his world throne and proclaim Europe a republic — so far as the idea of a republic implies normal, peaceful civilization. Republic! How does the word please you in my mouth? Ill, to judge by certain sounds I hear — I must unhappily interpret them as student protests. But from early youth that word has been fond and familiar to me, more than to most of you. My native land was a republican State of the Empire, such as all the States of our country have become to-day. Yet I was never a republican of the jealous and exacting type, never a rigid stickler for the doctrine of the revolutionist, or even the Liberal. You know that. I have always agreed with Novalis: —

Those who in our days rant against princes merely because they are princes, who recognize no good in any Government that does not ape the French Revolution, who recognize as republics only States having a representative Government, and dogmatically assert that republican institutions exist only where there are primaries, elections, executives, legislatures, municipalities, and liberty poles, — such men, I say, are but miserable philistines devoid of broad understanding and sympathy, sticklers for the letter, who seek to conceal their own poverty of mind and heart behind the gay banners of the popular vogue. They hide themselves behind the imposing mask of citizens of the world, and berate their opponents as political obscurantists, thus affording the public a modern version of the 'War between the Frogs and the Mice.'

Thus speaks a romanticist. For though German political romanticism may not rise to the level of political enlightenment, it is so immeasurably higher than political obscurantism, that for obscurantists to challenge its tenets is a presumptuous insult. Obscurantism, known in politics as reaction, is brutality — sentimental brutality, so far as it is really self-deceived and hides its stupid beast's head behind a gracious mask of benevolent German loyalty.

When sentimental obscurantism starts a reign of terror, and disgraces our country by hideous and hair-brained assassinations, an emergency has arisen that forces even the romanticist to show his political colors. The stillness I observe in this audience — and I fear that my instinctive impulse to express freely my intellectual sympathies and convictions in the past has placed many mental weapons in the hands of these obscurantists — reminds me how largely I am myself responsible for the silence with which you greet my words.

My purpose is, to tell you frankly; to win you over, so far as it may be necessary, to loyalty to the republic, to what is called democracy and what I call humanity; to help you master your repugnance for the humbuggery and hypocrisy too often associated with these words. I share that aversion with you. But I would win you for the republic in the presence of this man and poet who sits in front of me, whose well-earned popularity is due to his so worthily representing our virtues as a nation and the virtues of all mankind. I would see the brow of Germany, now distorted beyond recognition with the scars and scowls of passion, resemble that artist's brow, that brow of lofty thought and noble idealism that we have been taught to associate with our German blood.

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Consider how abnormal, how hostile to all the better impulses of humanity, are the conditions that prevail in our land to-day. Novalis wrote: 'Republic is the *fluidum deferens* of youth. Wherever there are young people, there is the republic.' And is it not true that thirst for freedom, love of change, and generous revolutionary ardor have always been the natural prerogative of youth? Our students are rich in democratic traditions. There were days when our national ideals and the interest of monarchs and dynasties, instead of being identified with each other, were irreconcilable enemies; when Patriotism and Republic were not contradictory terms, but so assimilated that they seemed one and the same; when the passions of noble youth converged toward one ideal: Fatherland and Freedom.

To-day our young men, at least an important part of them, have forgotten that glorious past and have sworn eternal enmity to the republic. If they remembered the past, they could not harbor their present hatred.

You may say: 'Conditions were entirely different then. We, the young men of to-day, are still loyal to the faith in the light of our times. We recognize in the victims of the mob to-day worthy successors of those earlier martyrs to reaction. History does not always follow the same course; and our wrath is a virtuous wrath.'

But I must answer you, that what you imply by that is not true. It is only too certain that history does not repeat itself, and that it may be a fatal error to misinterpret historical analogies. I shudder at times at the errors into which a false interpretation of history misguides you. It is merely irresponsible child's play to liken the secret military organizations of to-day with the popular movement for the defense of Prussia after Jena and Tilsit. And what if in our days the republic, compelled by necessity to suppress your monarchical secret societies, has truth and the realities of life on its side, as your fathers had them on their side in an earlier age, when they defied the spies and provocative agents of reaction?

Novalis again asks: 'What is really old? What young?' and he answers: 'That is young where the future dominates. That is old where the past is master.' Does life then consist in looking toward the past? Our youth have become to-day fiery partisans of a bygone age, striving with all their energy to restore mechanically what is dead and past. Mob persecutions? Yes, they may occur in the crude efforts of a new order to defend itself, before that order has really arrived but is still a defective and provisional preliminary to a better future. What worse demagogy is there than the stupid trick of using our present helplessness and misery to glorify an outworn system; above all when we have no means to restore our old-time glory — not even a pretender to set up on the deserted throne around whose empty dais some so loyally rally?

It is laudable, it is a mark of mental and moral power, to resist external circumstances that are discordant with our inner nature, and therefore are not true although they may be real. On the other hand, it is absurd, and nothing but absurd, to repudiate facts and to refuse to accept realities that we know are a vital part of us. Students! You, citizens registered on our academic rolls — the republic, democracy, are to-day vital facts, are vital facts for all of us, for every individual here; and to repudiate them is to bear false witness before our people.

Mighty institutions consecrated by history, endowed with the compelling authority of ancestral glory! It is only

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human to reverence and to preserve them, even though they have long since degenerated into the banal make-believe of the theatre, and our reverence brings an involuntary blush. Those institutions formerly governed us; until recently they were the State. In their shadow rested the fortunes of the nation. Their cause was our cause. But they failed only too obviously in our day of stress, while we and our comrades staked our all to save our nation and our culture. Yes, a chasm suddenly yawned between our national life and our political life, a deeper and a wider gulf than ever before in our history; and we all suffered correspondingly. We were loyal to our industry, to our art, and to our absolute government. I will not say that we were at peace with ourselves, for our political self-abnegation was too fatalistic to be called a faith. But we gave ourselves the mien of believing that our Government was in the wisest and the best of hands, though we could not know whether that were true or not. We could not know how desperate the situation was. Our error was but human and its outcome natural; but that is past and gone. Those mighty institutions are no more. Fate has — let us not speak the word in triumph — swept them aside. They no longer rule us, and after all that has happened, they never will. The Government, whether we so desire or not, has fallen into our hands; has been thrust into our hands, into the hands of every individual among us. It has become our private affair. It is a trust to which we must be true — and therefore the republic exists. There can be nothing else.

Our republic is ordained by fate, and the only right attitude toward it is *amor fati*. That is not too solemn and formal a term, for fate is an awesome thing. Freedom is no trifle and no indulgence. Its other name is responsibility — to put it still more plainly, it is a heavy burden, above all for the intellectual man.

We may well doubt if all those who shouted so loudly for freedom before fate gave it to us, had sufficiently pondered in their hearts whether they were prepared for freedom. Certainly we are by no means universally prepared, and the tragic element in these words 'Republic and German Liberty,' will flow directly from that fact. These institutions will put our imperfect preparedness to the test.

In any case, we now have our liberty. The powers that ruled us are no more. The Government has become our own affair. We are the State, and this condition is bitterly resented by an important section of our youth and our citizenry. They will have nothing to do with Government. They repudiate their civic duties.

And why? Mainly because their new liberty did not come to them through victory, through their own free will, through a great national uprising; but out of defeat, and collapse, and helplessness, and foreign rule, and indelible shame. So our alienated patriots declare: 'We are not the Republic. Republic means foreign rule.' True, true, but it is also true, as the poet says: 'A man ennobles and makes worthy of himself whatsoever he wills.' Furthermore, it is not true, it is in no respect true, that the Republic as a spontaneous popular phenomenon is the child of defeat and disgrace. No, it is the offspring of revolt, elation, enthusiasm. Young men, it was born in an hour that you would not repudiate and despise, an hour of high adventure. When even in the midst of our abasement your breasts swelled with the tenderest loyalty for our 'Holy Homeland,' in that hour of crisis, what then turned pale, what retreated, what consciously

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evaded the issue and the danger? The very powers that until then had been the Government. It was at that moment that the life of the nation was given into your hands, that you became the Republic; and if that Republic is to-day humiliated and disgraced, as I do not deny, it is the more an act of cowardice to desert her in her hour of trial, instead of lending a helping hand to make her again worthy of yourselves. . . .

Young men and citizens, your resistance to the Republic and democracy makes you resent plain words. You balk and shy at these words like restive colts. Nervous distrust robs you of your composure as soon as the plain truth is spoken to you. But words are indispensable instruments, and to imagine that they are merely tools of alien sophistry is puerile. The Republic, is that not Germany? Democracy, is that not more native to our soil than any glittering, jingling, swaggering monarchy? . . .

Let me beg you once again; dismiss the fantastic fancies of your imagination. There is no reason to think of the Republic as the work of a few shrewd Jewish boys. Don't leave it in their hands. Take the wind out of their sails. That is a trite expression, but it describes the situation. For what is the purpose of our party strife? The welfare of the State. We are not laboring primarily for the prosperity of Parties, but for the prosperity of the Nation. . . . Are the gentlemen at the head of our present Government ill-willed and malicious foreigners, with whom it is impossible to deal, and who are intent on excluding us from the Republic? They would be only too glad were you to come to their aid. They are Germans whose mother tongue is our mother tongue, whose traditions and ways of thought are those of ourselves and of all the German people. I know some of them; for instance father Ebert, a likable and estimable man, modest and dignified, not without a trace of sly humor, tolerant and manly. I have seen him in his black frock-coat, like a lucky changeling in his present exalted post, a citizen among citizens, fulfilling the duties of his high office with courteous self-possession; and when I recalled the great lords who were our former masters, who were undoubtedly more decorative on such occasions, my eyes were suddenly opened as I would have yours opened, to the truth that democracy is incomparably more truly German than any imperial grand opera.

Young men, my fellow citizens, it is better now. In all candor and seriousness, we are better off to-day in all our misery, in all our humiliation before the world, than we were in those brilliant days when our overlords represented Germany. The old régime was entertaining but embarrassing. We had to bite our lips to repress a smile, and when we glanced over our shoulders to see the expression on the face of the rest of Europe, it was with a flurry of hope that they might not hold us responsible for the comedy. But they did so none the less. We hoped they would distinguish between the true Germany and her official figureheads, but they were quite unable to do so. Meanwhile we turned away to our own cultural pursuits, gloomily convinced that God had predestined us to carry forever ancestral institutions, under which the life of the people and the life of the State flowed on in two separate channels. Unity of culture! Can you not see that gleam of hope shining through the darkness that surrounds us, that promise of eventual harmony between our institutions and ourselves? Is not the Republic merely another name for the blessed unity of State and Culture?

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THE AVERSIONS OF AUTHORS

BY A. B. WALKLEY

[*It is probably needless to introduce the veteran critic of the* Times *to American readers, though it may be news to some of them that he is the original of Trotter in* Fanny's First Play.]

From the *Times, October* 25
(London Moderate Daily)

What every one feels in Jane Austen is her fair-mindedness, her toleration for the human infirmities that she had so keen an eye for, and the absence of anything like spite from her work. In her novels, that is, for in her letters she could sometimes be 'savage and tartarly.' Once Emma let her tongue run away with her about Miss Bates. Mr. Knightley reproved her. She blushed and wept for her fault. It has been conjectured that this represents an incident in Miss Austen's own experience, and it may well be so. But Emma's momentary unkindness to Miss Bates, her inferior in station, was as nothing to Miss Austen's uniform unkindness to her people of rank, to the great men and great ladies of her little rural communities. This, I think, reveals a certain prejudice — prejudice against rank, impatience with the social hierarchy of her day.

She certainly disliked baronets. Sir John Middleton is good-natured but stupid, heavy, and boisterous. Sir Thomas Bertram is sensible but narrow and pompous. Sir Walter Elliot is a vain fool and an intolerable snob. There is only one peer in her novels — Lord Osborne, in the unfinished tale *The Watsons*, and he is an empty ass. 'Spoke again in praise of half boots' settles *him*. Lady Susan Vernon is the wickedest of her women, as Lady Bertram is the most slow-witted and Lady Catherine de Bourgh the haughtiest and most tyrannical.

She may be said to have drawn up an indictment against the British aristocracy. The class just below, the squires, clergymen, and naval officers, were sugar and spice and all that's nice; once they got a handle to their names and they became snipes and snails and puppy-dogs' tails. Perhaps that is why *Emma* is the most joyous of her books. It is a story without 'magnates'; there are no class distinctions to ruffle the author's equanimity.

Note, too, that while she dislikes her aristocrats, she reserves her most cutting scorn for those who too ostentatiously like them. Mr. Collins is as severely dealt with for his servility to Lady Catherine as is Sir William Lucas for his snobbery about the Court of St. James's. Tom Musgrave is trounced for dancing attendance on the Osbornes. As a last mark of contempt for General Tilney — 'never had the General loved his daughter so well in all her hours of companionship, utility, and patient endurance, as when he first hailed her "Your Ladyship!"'

What a contrast is all this to Balzac's worship of 'the Faubourg' and his eternal duchesses! The English gentlewoman knew her aristocrats and, it would seem, resented them; the French roturier drew them from his imagination and fell in love with his own

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dreams. The Duchesse de Langeais and the Princesse de Cadignan inhabit a world of their own, and have no relation to the real world; theirs is a region as ideal as the Pays de Tendre; whereas Lady Catherine lives at Rosings, which is within four hours' drive of Mr. Gardiner's in Gracechurch-street, and is 'a most active magistrate in her own parish.' Lord Osborne attends the first winter assembly at the town of D—— in Surrey 'because it was judged expedient for him to please the borough.' But it would be idle to pursue the comparison between romance and reality.

It is also, no doubt, a comparison between humor and the lack of it. Jane Austen, unsympathetic to her aristocrats, made merciless fun of them. If Mr. Collins is the first, Lady Catherine is the next greatest comic figure of that dreadful epoch of pomposity in which they lived.

But there was one thing that Miss Austen held more comic than pomposity, and that was family pride. For Sir Walter Elliot she reserves her choicest scorn. Sir Walter, who 'never took up any book but the Baronetage; there he found occupation for an idle hour and consolation in a distressed one; there his faculties were roused into admiration and respect by contemplating the limited remnants of the earliest patents; there any unwelcome sensations arising from domestic affairs changed naturally into pity and contempt as he turned over the almost endless creations of the last century; and there, if every other leaf were powerless, he could read his own history with an interest which never failed.' Then there were 'our cousins, the Dalrymples.' One was a Dowager Viscountess and the other an Honorable — and so nothing good could be said of them. 'Had Lady Dalrymple and her daughter even been very agreeable, Anne would still have been ashamed of the agitation they created; but they were nothing. There was no superiority of manner, accomplishment, or understanding.'

Give anyone a handle to his name and he goes at once into Miss Austen's black books. Even mere 'supers' or *personæ mutæ*, that flit for an instant across her page, must, if they are aristocratic, have their slap. 'They were nothing.' Balzac, on the other hand, traces their pedigree, describes their coats-of-arms, tells you how the pronunciation of their names differs from the spelling — in a word, wallows in it. When the Marquise d'Espard meets Lucien de Rubenpré for the first time, she says to him: '*Nous savons un peu la vie et nous connaissons tout ce qu'il y a de solide dans un titre de comte pour un élégant, un ravissant jeune homme.*' And Lucien thinks it quite natural that a marquise should talk to him in that way. And so does Balzac. After such specimens as this, you read with stupefaction Sainte-Beuve's question about Balzac: '*Qui surtout a plus délicieusement touché les duchesses et les vicomtesses de la fin de la Restauration?*' Obviously Sainte-Beuve can have known them as little as Balzac himself. The duchesses dazzled Balzac's imagination. They were everything. Jane Austen was simply bored by the Lady Dalrymples. They were nothing.

What is the explanation of Jane Austen's attitude toward rank? I should say a certain irritation with the exaggerated deference paid to it in her time. That time was the period of reaction against the French Revolution, when the English social order seemed to have stiffened itself in an obstinate, wooden conservatism. High Toryism took many forms in literature — romantic with Scott's 'Charlie-o'er-the-water-ism,' down to the merely stupid and aggressive with Gifford's articles in the *Quarterly*. Scott's excessive demonstra-

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tions of loyalty when George IV visited Edinburgh were carried to the verge of the ridiculous, and over it. Thackeray's Steyne and Disraeli's Monmouth belong to that time. They seem incredible now. Even Trollope's Duke of Omnium 'dates.' The smaller imitators of the 'great' — the local Baronet or Lady Catherine, living in rural communities self-contained and more or less isolated by the difficulties of road-travel — had far more importance than they have to-day. Jane Austen, an intellectual, with an intellectual's secret contempt for all distinctions save those of the intellect, resented the adulatory homage paid to rank and its complacent acceptance by 'the great,' who were not intellectually great. Her sense of humor did the rest.

MY EXILE — MY PRISON

BY LEON TROTSKII

[*The following article concludes Trotskii's account of his expulsion from France and his detention in Spain in the autumn of* 1916, *of which the first installment was printed in the* Living Age *of November* 25.]

From *La Revue Mondiale, November* 1
(PARIS CURRENT-AFFAIRS FORTNIGHTLY)

TO-DAY, Thursday, November 9, the chambermaid in the modest pension where Després installed me, entered, and with a mysterious gesture bade me go out into the hall. I found there a couple of gentlemen possessing a very familiar international aspect, who, without troubling to be polite about it, began to tell me something in Spanish. I understood that they were policemen who thus honored me, and the fact that there were two of them — indeed, as it afterward turned out, a third was waiting in the street — indicated that they had not called merely to see my passport.

I ought to say that I already had an impression that I was being shadowed on the street; but I was so wearied with the constant surveillance to which I had been subjected in Paris, that I gave little notice to such attentions. Furthermore, I could not have done anything about it in any case. So I asked these gentlemen to step into my room, where one of them showed me his credentials as a police inspector. He was a tall fellow with a blind eye that gave his face a disagreeable look.

All at once this man said abruptly: '*Parlez-vous français?*' — as if the idea had just occurred to him, after his vain efforts to make me understand Spanish.

'Yes, I talk French,' I answered with relief. But it turned out that he did not know another word in that language. I repeatedly had this experience in Spain. Some one would say '*Parlez-vous français?*' after a prolonged effort to tell me something in the language of Cervantes; but it would prove to be the only French phrase the person knew. This single expression apparently serves the Spaniards as a sort of safety valve.

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I had to accompany the officers. When we reached the police station, a gentleman who seemed to belong to the force stopped me on the stairway. He asked my name, and when I gave it to him said: '*Très bien, très bien,*' at the same time shaking his head with an air of sad disapproval. Finally, he ordered my companions to take me away somewhere.

'So I am under arrest?' I asked.

'For an hour or two. We only want to make certain inquiries about you.'

I was taken to an office and invited to take a seat on a leather-covered sofa, as if there might be a few minutes delay. I had my cane in my hand and my hat on my knees. I remained there, hardly changing my pose, until nine o'clock that evening, that is to say seven long hours. That was rather tedious. Not a single man at the police office understood any foreign language whatsoever, and I hardly knew a word of Spanish. This waiting and being constantly watched by people for nearly two thirds of a day tired me terribly.

To be sure, I had one compensation. I was able to study the Spanish police in action, or, to be more precise, in inaction. One officer would replace another, but no one did a thing. A gentleman came in, seated himself in front of a typewriter, tapped it a few times, paused a while in deep meditation; and then thought better of it, got up, and went away. Others entered and repeated the performance. They talked to each other, showed each other photographs, and even indulged in a little friendly horse-play in the next room.

During this time some twenty outsiders came in. Some of them were brought by officers, others came of their own accord to make inquiries or to lodge complaints. Most of them were poor, dilapidated specimens of humanity. I could not say that the police were rough. Quite the contrary, they exhibited a good deal of the southern good-natured courtesy. I am not certain whether it is always so. Possibly the presence of strangers has a restraining effect; but I imagine that in general the Spaniards are not cruel — that is to say, they are not inclined to fatigue themselves with professional cruelty.

I explained that I had been expelled from France where I advocated pacifist principles.

'Were you not at Zimmerwald?'

'Yes, I was there. That was printed in several newspapers.'

'And what proposals did you make at that Congress?' He was evidently referring to the draft of the manifesto.

I answered that I had talked there in favor of pacifism.

'Why don't you go back to Russia?'

I explained my reasons.

'You are Russian?'

I wanted to show him a certificate that had been given me by the Russian Consulate at Geneva at the outbreak of the war. But he was not at all interested in my papers.

'These documents date from 1914?' Evidently they wanted to impress me with the fact that they knew all about me. I saw at once that they had a detailed report of my movements and doings from the Paris police and the Russian secret police. After this conversation the Chief, a little bald gentleman with a kindly countenance, told me through an interpreter that the Spanish Government did not feel it advisable to permit me to remain within its territories, that it desired me to leave Spain immediately, and that until I did so my liberty would be 'limited a little.'

'May I not be given some reason for these measures?'

'Your ideas are too advanced for Spain,' the gentleman answered frankly. Then in my presence he told the

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policeman with the bad eye, who had been waiting throughout the proceedings in a respectful attitude, that I must be treated like a gentleman, that I was an educated man and a writer, that the only thing against me was my opinions. He ordered the officer to state this also to his fellow officers. While this was going on, the interpreter chatted with me.

'Please understand that we are very sorry about this. But we cannot do anything else. We have had so many attempts to kill the King here. You have no idea how much money we are spending to keep track of the anarchists. More than that: in Russia they treat Spanish travelers very badly. It's frightful.'

I made a mental note of the fact that I was being held responsible simultaneously for the Spanish anarchists and for the Russian police.

During my questioning a very chic police-officer in a bright uniform, perfumed, and with a cigar in his mouth, entered the office. He was evidently well satisfied with himself and with the world in general. He made me a patronizing salute and then asked, without further preliminaries: '*Comment vous portez-vous?*' Was he trying to show off his French, or was he joking, or was he merely moved by a kindly impulse? I never knew. I was so surprised that I answered almost automatically: '*Merci, et vous?*' — whereupon he went into eclipse.

They then took me down to a room directly below the one where I had been detained so long. There I had dinner, brought in from a neighboring restaurant, and waited until about midnight. M. Desprès, whom I had asked to be notified, found me there. He promised to do something at once. At midnight a policeman took me away in a cab — as I discovered, en route to prison.

This officer — the same fellow with a bad eye — was already in an advanced state of intoxication. His superior had given him in my presence, for some purpose that I do not know, five pesetas. He had saluted gratefully, and two hours afterward, when he came to get me, was in a state of beatific exaltation. Since he had been ordered to be polite to me and treat me like a gentleman, and was more than 'half seas over,' he did not leave me in peace for a single moment. He patted me on the shoulder and talked incessantly, naturally in Spanish, interlarded at every few words with the phrase, '*Parlez-vous français, Monsieur?*'

After we got into the taxicab he became touchingly benevolent toward all the world, assuring me that he loved the Russians, the French, the English, and the Belgians, winding up with 'What am I? A soldier. You have your ideas.' Here he touched me on the forehead, and then asked abruptly: 'Have you children?'

I made some reply.

'I have five children,' he said, 'each one smaller than the other.' He told me this in Spanish, but I had finally learned what he meant, especially when he showed me their pictures.

Then he suddenly scratched a match, held it in front of his face, and showed me the scar of a wound made by an American bullet. It had entered just in front of the right eye, pierced his nose and destroyed his left eye. After the war he returned to Spain, and recovering from his wound had entered the police force.

'The Americans, they are damnable people. But Russians — ' and he again repeated all he said before about his love for the Russians and the Allies in general. He wanted to give me a cigarette that he thrust into my mouth almost by force. Next he decided to treat me to a glass of beer. He stepped in front of a bar and called for beer;

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and, though he had been expressly instructed to take me to prison at midnight in order to avoid arousing the curiosity of the public, he managed to gather a considerable crowd around our cab.

The whole episode struck me as very Russian, especially when I considered that this sentimental policeman, before he had been ordered to be polite to me, had been very insolent at my boarding-house, and had even given me a shove in the back saying: 'Get along with you!'

He was very much grieved because I did not wish any beer. He suggested coffee, and explained at length that he personally proposed to pay the bill. He was very melancholy over my refusal; but finished by sharing his beer with the driver, and we continued our journey.

In prison, the old familiar surroundings, everywhere the same. A soldier with a fixed bayonet on guard under a street lamp, reading a newspaper. A turnkey admitted us. The same corridors, the same prison smell. It had been ten years since I had seen and felt this atmosphere. The assistant warden was waiting for us in his shirt-sleeves. The officer who had brought me expatiated to him on the fact that I was a *caballero*; but that gentleman evidently knew already that he must be polite to me.

My luggage was examined in the centre of the building, where five wings, each four stories high, intersected. Iron staircases and the silence peculiar to prisons, which seems ever to be muffling dull mutterings and nightmares. A little electric-light in the corridor, also familiar, also exactly the same in every land. I was taken to a little window where the head inspector or his assistant politely hinted by gestures that I should take off my hat. I replied, in approximate Spanish, '*No es iglisia*' (this is not a church). My policeman attendant now interfered and told him to leave me alone. The man did not insist further.

They examined my luggage; they were polite enough not to turn my pockets inside out. They took away my penknife and my scissors. They took my money. My one-eyed escort hovered about for a few minutes, slapped me in a friendly manner on the shoulder, and, when he bade me adieu, shook my hand. I followed a guard down a corridor and down a stairway. There was the grating of a barred door opening with a grinding sound, and I entered. A large apartment, half dark, on the ground floor, with a fetid prison odor and a miserable bed that did not inspire confidence. The guard showed me the room. They had forgotten to put in an electric-light bulb. He gave me a couple of matches and left, closing the door with a slam. I was left alone. It was almost one o'clock A.M. I felt very tired after this eventful day. However, before lying down, I buttoned my clothing tightly around me and wrapped up in my overcoat. I opened the tiny windows and the fresh night air poured in.

I now realized fully for the first time what a stupid situation I had stumbled into. Here I was in prison at Madrid — certainly something I had not expected. It is true that I had been expelled from France. But I was stopping at Madrid as if it were a railway station, waiting for my train. I was corresponding with Grimm and Serrati to arrange for my return to Switzerland through Italy. I had been visiting the art galleries and admiring Goya and Greco. The last thing in the world I had thought of was law courts and Spanish policemen. When one recalls that this was the first time I had ever visited Spain, that I had been in Madrid only a week, that I did not know Spanish, that I had seen

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no one except Desprès, that I had not attended a single meeting, my arrest certainly seemed as stupid as unexpected. Here I was lodged in the prison of Madrid. It was so absurd that I laughed heartily — in fact, laughed myself to sleep.

I slept very well. Morning came. My cell had two windows with calico curtains. There was linen on the bed — rather doubtful linen, but still linen. In one corner was a sort of screen. There were two barred windows, a wooden chair, a little table, and a washstand. Over the table was a crucifix on the wall; on the floor was a rug. The place was very dirty, and there was evidence of expectoration everywhere. But in the first place it was not as dirty as it could be, and in the second place, rugs, screens, framed regulations, and washstands are not found in every prison.

Later, during my daily exercise, all this was explained to me. In this prison there are free cells and pay-cells. The pay-cells in turn are divided into first class and second class. First-class cells cost a peseta and a half (or something over twenty-five cents a day); second-class cells cost two thirds that price. Every prisoner is entitled to a pay-cell, even though he is not entitled to refuse to occupy a free cell if he cannot pay. My cell was a pay-cell of the first class. The curtains at the windows were to prevent one's seeing the bars, and upon the whole the place looked not unlike a hotel chamber.

I had never before heard of prisons where there were three classes of accommodation and paying cells. But when you think it over, you must recognize that the Spanish bourgeoisie are perfectly logical. Why should there be equality in prison, when all society is based on inequality, and divided into three classes — the propertied classes, the propertyless classes, and those halfway between?

During my exercise I learned further that the occupants of the pay-cells enjoyed another important privilege. They were taken out for their walk twice a day, for a full hour, while the rest of the prisoners were let out but once a day. That, too, is perfectly fair. The lungs of a prisoner who pays a peseta and a half a day are certainly entitled to a larger ration of fresh air than those of people who expect to breathe gratuitously.

The fellow prisoners I met during the exercise were very interesting. One was a lean German, a hollow-chested, depressed fellow, with a muffler around his neck and felt slippers on his feet. He spoke four languages fluently, but had given up Russian because it was too difficult. He explained to me: 'But that's a good thing for you folks. The Russian language is so hard that every other language seems easy to you.'

He at once took possession of me and introduced me to our fellow prisoners. One dark-complexioned, close-shaven man with shiny black hair was a Spaniard from Cuba, or a Spanish-American. There was nothing particularly interesting about him. He was rumored to have killed his wife. Another wore a blue suit, tan shoes, and a cap. He was a celebrated burglar. Even the newspapers called him 'the burglar king.' When he told me this, the German commented, in an envious tone: 'But I think that may be exaggerated.' A third prisoner who caught my attention was a pompous, fat, dark man in a velvet suit. He had just come that morning, and no one knew who he was. The Cuban immediately nicknamed him Sancho Panza. The burglar king was an interesting conversationalist, although somewhat reserved in his manner.

'D—n the war! So you are from Paris? How are the police at Paris now? Vienna — that's a fine city!

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The Ring! Kartnerstrasse! Have you ever been in London? That's a good town too.'

'I see you know Europe well.'

'Yes, not bad, and both the Americas, as well.'

'Have you ever visited Russia?'

'Yes, during the war. I first stopped at Lodz, but when the Germans got there I went on to Warsaw. I did a good job there, eighty thousand francs.' He suddenly checked himself, and was silent.

'You had no trouble with the Russian police?' I asked noncommittally.

'Oh no, only in your country they want to see your passport too often.'

That evening the one-eyed policeman appeared at the prison and reported to me, as if it were an unexpected piece of news and he had not told me the same thing the night before, that the Government proposed to ship me out of Spain, and wanted me to name the country to which I desired to go. This time, however, he came directly from the Prefect of Police. I answered: 'So long as you keep me in prison, I shall make no effort to get away or leave the country. If your Government wants me to leave, let it give me time and liberty.'

He promised me an answer the next morning or the day after.

The melancholy German whom I have mentioned interpreted for me to the policeman, and to the prison warden who accompanied him. He was a tactful chap and smoothed down my remarks when he translated them.

Saturday. This morning they brought me again the dirty liquid they call coffee. I had eaten nothing and had drunk nothing for thirty hours. I felt very weak but my head was clear. I decided to write to the Minister of the Interior. I had hardly finished when I was summoned. It was to have my measurements taken. A great hall in the prison is reserved for this service. One whole wall is filled with filing cases full of cards arranged in alphabetical order. Here, at least, Spain seems to be up to date. They asked me to stick my fingers into some ink and make my finger prints. I objected.

'But it is obligatory!' the functionary in charge of the department ejaculated with surprise. 'Everyone who comes into our prison must have his finger prints taken.'

'But that is just what I object to in the first place, their putting me in this prison.'

'We have our duty to perform. If you refuse, we shall be obliged to use force.'

'Very well. Your guards can take my fingers and make the prints, but I personally shall not help you do so.'

So that is what they did. I looked out of the window, a guard courteously inked my fingers and pressed them one after the other several times on different pieces of cardboard. He performed this operation first with my right hand and then with my left hand. Next they asked me to take off my shoes. The same dialogue was repeated in a slightly more elevated tone of voice, at least on my part. They called the head warden. He was a very polite gentleman like the others.

'*Parlez-vous français?*' he asked.

'*Oui, Monsieur,*' I answered with relief, for my conversation with the others had been in improvised Esperanto. But it was the old experience over again. The chief warden did not know a word of French except this single phrase. They called the gloomy German prisoner who had been our interpreter before. I explained that I had nothing personally against them, that I appreciated their courtesy, but that I could not voluntarily submit to this humiliating procedure until they explained to me of what crime I was ac-

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cused. Finally they suddenly decided to let me go to receive a visitor, evidently relieved to get rid of me that way.

Desprès and one of the members of the Central Committee of the Spanish Socialist Party had come to see me. I learned that Desprès had already taken up my case. Someone had called on the Minister of the Interior and another gentleman had called on Romanones. A little campaign had been started in the press. *El Socialista*, a paper very friendly to France, had published an article on my arrest. Another newspaper, rather friendly to Germany, had also taken up my case in a sympathetic way. But what was most important, Desprès brought me some canned goods and other delicacies. I broke my long fast with tremendous relish.

The guards and the wardens of the prison gave me the impression of being good-hearted men with abundant southern kindliness of temperament. I saw no evidence of the brutality and the hypocritical concealment of abuses that one often finds in prisons. If you refuse to do what these Spaniards order you to do, they are embarrassed. I met the prison chaplain. Most of the priests in this country are pro-German, and for this reason are strong pacifists, because they fear the Entente may persuade Spain to enter the war on their side. The chaplain explained to me at length his Catholic sympathy with my pacifism, and kept repeating in a consoling voice: 'Patience, patience.'

Six P.M. The prison is very quiet. The guard has called for the last time, with the prisoner who serves our meals. They brought me three eggs and asked if I was not cold with the window open. Every time the guard comes in he asks this question. I always reassure him, saying that I invariably sleep with the window open even in the wintertime.

'You have rugged health,' the scrawny little guard said, and showed me by pantomime how he shivered while he was on duty cold nights. The prisoner servant — who is a petty criminal, though naturally a stupid, obliging fellow, who stole from me under the double title of his profession as a thief and as a Spanish servant — patted me on the shoulder with an air of encouragement. They then bade me good night.

The guard closed the door slowly. I was alone. No one would disturb me again that night. It is the best period of the twenty-four hours in any prison. One could sit and think in peace until midnight, if he had a light and some tea. But you cannot have tea without facilities for making it, and the electric light would not be put in until the next day. Prisoners pay two pesetas and a half a month for the right to have electricity until 1 A.M.

Certainly this Madrid prison is an extraordinary institution. You can have anything — a fairly good room, beer, tobacco, electric light until late in the evening. All that is necessary is to pay for it. Of course this liberal policy is inspired by financial considerations. By renting its 'rooms' to those prisoners who have money, the Government reduces the net cost of keeping up its penal institutions; and that is an important consideration in view of the constant deficit in the Spanish budget.

The German, who has a bad cough and a hollow chest, proves after all not to be a German. He is a Spaniard, and probably a Jew. He is a boastful fellow. According to his tale, his uncle is President of the Municipal Court of Madrid. He himself was a commercial agent, but when the war broke out his business connections were cut off and he had to support himself by giving private lessons. The father of two of his pupils had sent him one hundred pesetas to apply on certain examina-

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tion fees. But family misfortunes overtook him, and the rest is the usual tale.

This fellow has also related to me some curious details of the burglar king. The latter came back from a foreign trip with fifty thousand francs in his pocket. This may have been the proceeds from the Moscow job he mentioned to me.

At Madrid he struck up an acquaintance with a number of gay young bloods. He spent his time merrily with these lively companions, some of whom belonged to high aristocratic circles. His polished manners made him perfectly at home among them. He induced several of them to burglarize the houses of their relatives. His pupils learned to crack safes as easily as he learned the manners of the aristocracy. As time went on he began to have a reputation. Newspapers called him 'the little Count.' The police became suspicious. They searched his apartment and found a complete set of burglar's tools. That is how he happens to be in prison.

The 'king' told me to-day, casually, when we were having exercise together, that he used to be an anarchist, and had difficulties with the Barcelona police in that connection. However, he added dryly: 'I got over that nonsense long ago.' Usually he is laconic, speaks to the point, and is unaffected. He makes the impression of a business-like burglar, and really a master of his art.

The little fat Spaniard with a beard as black as jet, who has been nicknamed Sancho Panza, turns out to have been a big coal-merchant. He stole one thousand pesetas from someone. That is the whole story. Yesterday he was very taciturn, but to-day, the second day of his imprisonment, he feels quite at home here, and asked me pleasantly, by means of gestures, if I slept well. The Cuban has been singing airs from *Rigoletto* and *Aïda*. He has a very fair barytone voice and an expressive countenance. He was working to prepare himself for the opera, but was 'ruined' by a woman who accused him of having attempted to take her life. He has been sentenced to two and one half years in prison.

However, the Spaniard whom I took for a German, and who knows everything, says this man had a record in Cuba, where he killed a negro; and that he was sentenced to eight years at hard labor for this murder. The Cuban seems to have taken a great liking to me, although we cannot talk with each other. He assures me that he knows from my looks that I am a good fellow and he is going to send a cigarette I gave him to his wife. He says 'my lady.' He says his 'lady' is a remarkable beauty. Probably she is the one he tried to stab. Unquestionably he is not a normal man. He sings, whistles, talks to everybody; but if a person even touches him at times, he becomes furiously angry. He can imitate remarkably the barking of a dog.

What do the Spanish authorities really want of me? Why have they arrested me? Why are they keeping me in prison? What are their real intentions?

My arrest, certainly that is not a mere accident — merely detaining a Russian emigrant passing through the country because his passport is not in order. Neither is it the arrest of a suspicious character whom they do not know. Quite the contrary. They have not even looked at my passport. They have arrested me precisely because they do know me. So it is a premeditated, planned arrest. What is the reason? Why are they holding me here? Let's reason the question out: —

1. The French Government designedly sent me to Spain, and not to another country.

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2. The Spanish Government ordered my arrest and incarceration before interrogating me, and therefore entirely at the instance of the French Government. (Doubtless Tsarist diplomacy is behind all that.)

3. But what has Spain at stake?

(*a*) The general community of interest among all police;

(*b*) Little favors like this promote friendship; and the Spanish Government is now really in the service of the Entente.

But why do they keep me in prison? Evidently they are getting ready for something. Possibly they will send me to some Mediterranean port in order 'accidentally,' through some oversight, to set me aboard a military vessel or a Russian transport. That would not be hard to do, especially if the Russian Embassy at Paris and its agents were really to go about the thing in earnest. Our newspaper has given them some bad minutes, and there are Russian ships in the Mediterranean. They will keep me in prison until a convenient moment. Conclusions: I must write immediately to Desprès to start a vigorous press campaign. I at once acted on this decision.

Sunday, November 12. Liberated from prison.

A Police Officer. — You 'll stay here a few days and then you will be expelled from Spain.

'Where?'

'I don't know.'

Police Officer (an hour later). — You will leave this evening for Cadiz.

'Cadiz?'

'That 's it! A southern port. Just what I thought!'

My prison companions met me in the corridor.

The German Thief.—Surely you' ll stay in Spain, then when I am liberated I 'll take you to my home and say that I go guaranty for you.

So I have an influential protector in Spain. The only trouble is that he is in prison.

A perfumed police commissioner addressed me. His first words were: —

'*Bonjour, Monsieur. Comment vous portez-vous?*'

'*Et vous?*' I ask.

He, greatly confused: '*Merci, très bien.*'

'*Moi aussi, je vous remercie.*'

After this he spoke in a less familiar tone.

Finally the one-eyed policeman took me to my pension. There, to my great astonishment, I was received very cordially. How was I to explain their remarkable friendliness? I learned afterward. Desprès had been there — no ordinary man, but the general manager of an insurance company. He had explained to the people that I was not a counterfeiter, or a German spy, but a pacifist; that I was in favor of peace, just as Spain was; and that I would pay my bills promptly.

I talked with Desprès about what to do, both in the press and in Parliament, with regard to my expulsion to Cadiz. The policeman waited at the door of the pension; he accompanied me when I left, and as I was not familiar with our route he politely acted as my guide. He asked me if I wished to pay my fare to Cadiz. I said emphatically that I did not. I thought it was enough to pay for my lodging when in prison. And it turned out in the end that I did not have to go to Cadiz, after all. For that evening I was speeding on my way out of Spain, at the expense of the Spanish treasury.

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THE IDEA OF LIFE

From the *Morning Post, October 2*
(Tory Daily)

After a century of rapid progress in scientific thought, one may well ask what light, if any, has been cast on the gap which has existed for so long between the living and the nonliving worlds.

We are still unable to define life, and we are still unable to create life; but we have made progress. In the first place, we now know that, in the long run, the living plant or the living animal obeys the same chemical and physical laws as inanimate objects. Life does not create or destroy either matter or energy. This does not imply that in processes which are associated with life there is not some characteristic matter or characteristic energy. We know, in fact, that the substances which compose our bodies are highly characteristic of life: the fat, the carbohydrate, and the protein are the products of life alone, or of highly organized laboratories. In this, as Liebig showed, there is, however, no real barrier between the living and the nonliving worlds. But what of the energy of life?

Let us leave, for the moment, the attractive question of whether or no there be a 'vital force' and of its meaning to individual minds. Let us consider the less promising possibility of regarding an organism as a machine.

Such a mechanistic conception, in its simplest form, implies that just as a motor-car converts the latent energy of the petrol into mechanical energy of motion by means of a mechanism of cylinders and wheels, so a man converts the energy of his food into mechanical energy of walking by means of a mechanism — highly complex, it is true — of ferments and of muscles. Unattractive as it is, this type of mechanical hypothesis has led to the great majority of biological discoveries, and is in the background of most medical treatment.

But another question arises. Are all living processes explicable on such an hypothesis? When a man becomes infected with certain bacterial poisons his body at once proceeds to form an antidote, and this antidote is specifically designed to deal with the particular poison. Again, a man cuts his finger — all the processes which lead to the healing of the wound are so coördinated and controlled that the final result is an almost perfect restitution of the original form. Surely, in these cases, there appears to be a phenomenon not usually associated with inanimate machines; there appears to be an element of control or regulation in the living machine, far more complete and far more comprehensive than in any inanimate system. Further, this element of control is so exercised that to the final result it is difficult to deny the concept of purpose or of value.

If life is a machine, then it is a machine of extremely high complexity, in which the activity of each of the parts is controlled by each of the others. If, on the other hand, life is not a machine, then it is a system which resembles a machine, in that it obeys the same laws of matter and of energy.

The search for the origin of life has been a long one, and is full of both interest and value. If we take the view that life has at least certain machine-like properties, we must remember that its machine-like structure is lost the moment that death occurs. We can stop a motor-car and then restart it; we

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cannot stop and restart life. In order that the system should exist at all it must be kept in motion. If, therefore, we hope to create life, we must provide the two essential parts of the running machine. We must create the organized and coördinated machinery, and we must provide it with the fuel by means of which it can be at once set in motion. Bearing this in mind, let us look to the inanimate world for the origin of life. The fuel may be any source from which we can derive energy. The machine can be composed of any substance which is not itself the outcome of the living world.

Our choice of fuels is limited; most inorganic substances contain immense stores of bound-up energy, yet it is not possible to liberate this energy under conditions compatible with life. But there is a vast store of energy which is eminently suited to our purpose, namely, the radiant energy of heat, light, and radioactive substances. As we know, the whole of the energy which is used by living beings is derived directly or indirectly from the light of the sun. Here, therefore, is a possible fuel for the machine of primordial life.

In the world of to-day the radiant energy of the sun is taken up and made available by the coloring matter in green leaves. Such pigments, however, are themselves the outcome of living plants, and are consequently not available for our purpose. We must look to other sources, and the clue which may guide us is a property which is shared by living organisms with only a few of the substances found elsewhere in nature.

The English chemist Graham showed that certain substances are capable of existing in water in a very fine state of subdivision, and that while in that condition they possess remarkable properties which are lost as soon as the state of subdivision is decreased beyond a certain point. Such substances are known as colloids. A few common examples are the white of egg, gelatin, and the coloring matter in blood. Now this colloidal state is essential to all living matter. If, for any reason, the subdivision of the particles of a living structure is interfered with, death rapidly ensues. Graham showed that certain characteristically inorganic substances are also capable of existing as colloids, and then resemble in certain respects the constituents of life. Such inorganic colloids have been made in the laboratory from a variety of substances — for example, from gold and from sulphur. But in Nature this class of substances is, curiously enough, restricted to certain common elements of the earth's crust — for example, the oxides of iron, aluminium, and silicon.

It has recently been discovered that if a colloidal solution of iron oxide is exposed to the action of carbon dioxide — which, of course, is found universally in nature — in sunlight, organic substances are formed from the interaction of the carbon dioxide and the energy of the light. Under suitable circumstances abundant quantities of sugar may be obtained by this simple mechanism. This is a very remarkable experiment. It shows that substances, hitherto only obtainable from living organisms or by processes carried out in the laboratory at high temperatures, can be obtained by the utilization of substances found in nature, and under conditions compatible with life.

It is clear that one step has been made; we can simulate life in one respect. We may well hope that this is not the limit of scientific discovery; but we must leave it to the imagination to speculate whether or not a combination of many such processes will or did produce a system endowed with the activities and wonderful coördination of even the simplest form of living organism.

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HIS OWN JAILER

BY GIOVANNI PAPINI

[*The coworker with William James in the early days of pragmatism, Giovanni Papini, has been attracting public attention of late years as a writer rather than as a philosopher. His* Storia di Cristo, *the first fruit of his conversion, has gone into such large editions that envious Italians have invented the gibe, 'Papini has sold Christ.' Though he is only forty-one, his literary and scholarly output is enormous. He has contributed to most of the European magazines, and from* 1906 *to* 1920 *every year has been marked by at least one book.*]

From *La Revue Bleue, October* 21
(Nationalist Literary Bimonthly)

My punishment will not be complete in my own eyes unless I tell a part of my life to others before I die, for — improbable as it may seem to men whose moral health is normal — I believe that it will be read with profit by those who do not recoil from the study of the human soul.

I was not yet twenty-four when I committed my first crime, and yet my skill in concealing my deeds and emotions surprised even myself. From earliest childhood it was my chief pleasure to do something — anything — that no one should ever suspect. In the beginning these were only innocent actions — deeds that I might have committed openly before all the world without fear of blame; but my joy lay not so much in committing the acts, as in concealing my own identity as the man responsible. My skill and my ability grew with the years, until little things no longer satisfied me. Risks seemed too slight to stir my imagination, for by the mere strength of habit I was constantly being forced to employ devices that I despised for their simplicity.

I made up my mind to commit a murder in such a way that the assassin should remain forever unknown. Rich in my own right and by no means ambitious, I had no especial reason for stealing or for murdering; and as my first victim I was compelled to choose a fine fellow, a man I barely knew, whose home chanced to be near mine. Day after day I pondered over the best way to carry out the gruesome task without danger to myself. I thought out every detail in advance, every possible mishap, every incident. With meticulous care I planned my alibi, as well as the implements that I should use. On the day I selected, the man was found lying dead in his room.

The crime set the whole city buzzing with rumors and speculation, for no one could comprehend the motive of the murder or the assassin's means of escaping detection. Not an article had been disturbed in the victim's house and there was not the least clue to indicate the trail of the guilty man.

Encouraged by my success, I kept on, occasionally — but never more than four or five times a year — committing similar crimes, all carefully planned. Within a little over two years there died mysteriously by my hand two little girls, a priest, a drunken broker, three elaborately dressed young men (whose very names and whose social position I did not know), the mistress of a lodging house, one of my former teachers, and a German emigrant. To avoid attracting attention, I pretended

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to be a student of the history of art and I used often to go on long journeys in Italy and abroad. In my own home, where I had gathered together a collection of pictures, prints, marbles, and antiquities, I received only a couple of half-mad art-lovers, and two or three young students.

Naturally I committed my crimes in various cities and in different ways. I had no liking for such vulgar implements as the knife and the revolver, preferring to cause death in more refined and indirect fashion — drowning, poisoning in minute doses, inoculation with incurable or desperate diseases, fires, falls that were apparently accidental, cleverly contrived clouds of gas, and other means of the same sort. I had developed an adroitness in the employment of these means of destruction that many a professional assassin might have envied. Never making use of accomplices and studiously refraining from taking the least article belonging to any of the victims, even when immense wealth was mine for the taking, I was never in the least danger of discovery.

Having no hatred and no passions to satisfy, no desire for money, I could carry out the most complicated enterprises in complete calm, and I never let myself be tempted into unpremeditated crime, even when the chances seemed favorable. No matter how terrified my fellow men or how determined the police, I was never questioned or even suspected. My character of wealthy art-lover and traveler completely protected me. I had become infallible in the art of dissimulation. In order to offer no hint, however slight, of my criminal activities, I never read any stories of crime, avoiding the memoirs of Cauler and other famous police officials, the much-extolled adventures of Sherlock Holmes and his imitators, and even De Quincey's famous essay, 'On Murder Considered as one of the Fine Arts,' though the title attracted me greatly.

I led this life for three years, and was on the threshold of my twenty-seventh year when my double life changed suddenly. One day I found that I could see nothing of other men except their eyes. In houses, in cafés, in the street, everywhere, I found myself compelled to catch the eyes of those who were near me or who passed me in the street. Human beings became for me nothing more than white eyeballs with strange pupils — the round open eyes of simple honest folk; the clear serene eyes of young girls whom love had not yet touched; black eyes, deep and vicious, that seemed to wait for night; aloof blue eyes of children; the gray but passionate eyes of men whose youth was past; the dim swollen eyes of sleepwalkers; the false, dark-circled eyes of women; eyes half closed, almost vanishing between the eyelids; eyes red with tears or bleared with sickness — all the eyes in all the world I saw around me and felt upon me, in those days! It seemed to me as if people's bodies had disappeared and as if there were nothing in the world but eyes — eyes and nothing else — that moved in space and stared at me. I felt as though all these eyes were glaring at me, to find out what I had done.

I wrapped myself in mystery thicker yet, and redoubled my precautions, but in vain! I felt the glance of menace or cold irony upon me, as if they had all *seen* my secret life; and it seemed to me that my freedom was left me only in order that these numberless eyes might delight in my terror.

There was no foundation in fact for this feeling, as I found out afterward, for no one gave any evidence of having discovered what I had done, nor did it occur to anyone to watch me or accuse me. But from that moment, in the grip

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of this nightmare, I felt a profound disgust for myself. Hitherto I had committed my murders in a cold calm and without a shadow of remorse; and only when the world came to be peopled, for me, with eyes, and eyes alone, did I come to understand clearly that I was a dangerous monster, who deserved punishment. Moreover, after my first few crimes, the pleasure of concealment had palpably diminished. It had grown so easy for me to plan a murder and go unpunished that every risk had disappeared, and thenceforward I found it little satisfaction to read in the papers of the futile quests of justice. Crime itself no longer amused me. What else was left for me to do? Nothing remained worth the trouble of concealing.

Only one new thing remained — to punish myself. But how? I had no intention of giving myself up. My alibis were so cleverly arranged, all my weapons and all papers had been so carefully destroyed, that I had no hope of convincing either the police or the courts of my guilt. They would have thought me crazy. I should have been shut up in an asylum, where there would be no calm in which to make atonement.

I thought that my punishment, like my deeds, ought to be concealed; that I ought to hide my imprisonment as I had my crimes. I was my own accuser, my own judge, my own defender. One by one I went over my murders: the circumstances in which I had committed them, my calculation, my premeditation, and the other features that made my case worse — my pitiless cruelty and monstrous hypocrisy. I considered the suffering of the victims themselves, the tears of their families, the sufferings of those who had depended on them, the fear and pity of the public, the useless efforts of the police, the cost to the State; and without faltering, I set all down against myself. So far as I could, I defended myself with all the sophistries I had culled from Stendhal, Stirner, Nietzsche, Oscar Wilde, and other and less known immoralists, but the subterfuges of my intelligence were of no avail against the convictions of my soul. The eyes of men had kindled my conscience: I had destroyed so many human lives, that I deserved unpitying punishment.

When the judge in me spoke, I knew at once that mere death would not be sufficient. Suicide was too swift, and so too easy an infliction. It was a release rather than a punishment. Only one course was left — separation from the rest of mankind forever, or at least for a very long time.

I admit that I had not the courage to condemn myself to perpetual imprisonment. After some hesitation, I decided upon thirty years of complete solitude. I was then twenty-seven: I should be able to return to the world, if I lived so long, at fifty-seven — almost ready for death.

No sooner had I pronounced sentence upon myself, than I began to think of ways to execute it. I sold whatever I owned in the city and began to look for a house in the country that lent itself to my design. After some weeks of search, I found an opportunity to buy a sinister-looking dwelling in a solitary valley, which in former times had been a frontier castle. The only part that was still sound was a squat stone tower, the lower part of which was being used as a granary, while its upper portion served as a pigeon house. I adapted the upper room of the tower to my purpose, as best I could. I built in a door of solid wood, with elaborate locks, and I barred the single window with heavy iron. I had a little iron bed, a chair, a table, a water jug, a basin, a mirror, and a few books. When everything was

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ready, I sought for a jailer. I found a young orphan — a peasant, but very intelligent and altogether reliable — for whom I arranged a salary in such a way that he could get nothing without my signature, on condition that he should come once each day to the tower, bringing me food and water, and that he should keep my existence a secret from the world. This was all the easier, since the house was far away from the main roads and the villages, and my jailer pretended that he had rented a field there to grow wheat and hay.

On the evening of a clear April day, after traversing the countryside, breathing in the air and the odors of the flowers for the last time, I shut myself in my voluntary prison and handed the keys to my jailer.

From the very first day of my imprisonment I realized that I had attained what my spirit had longed for ever since I was born. It had been my most constant desire to conceal my life; but hitherto I had succeeded only in concealing some portions of it — the most odious portions, to be sure, but still, portions only. The greater part of my life, the activities of every day, the outer, animal, social part of living, had gone on beneath the eyes of others, and the greater number of my acts had served as a daily spectacle for strangers. Every one of us sees and *is looked at.* In almost every waking moment, he is an actor for somebody's benefit. He is talked to, seen, observed, spied on. But now it was quite otherwise; now my whole life would be — at last! — secret, concealed. For all men save one I was gone; had disappeared, unknown — like a dead man. I should continue to live, but as if already in my bier, sunk in the sepulchre, beneath the earth, off the Earth. I might think, but none should know my thoughts; I might talk, but none should hear my words; I might act, but none could see my acts or tell of them.

From that day on, for thirty years, for three hundred and sixty months, for almost eleven thousand days, I was cut off from mankind, without seeing a new face, without hearing even once a well-known voice, without receiving a distant greeting, without troubling myself for anything, without knowing what went on in the world. When I should reappear among other men, no one would know me. All those whom I had known would be scattered, vanished, buried; and I should no longer comprehend — after so long an absence and so much change — the conversation of the new men who had grown up.

For the present and the future, my life would be wholly ignored by men. I had only a few distant relatives. No one would notice my disappearance. I should have no light, I should not sing, I should not show myself at the window. No one would discover my solitary prison. Consoled by these thoughts, I reflected without perturbation on the long years I was to spend, shut up in obedience to my own decree.

The first days went swiftly. Around the dwelling lay rocky pastures, little frequented, and farther off was a dense tangle of scrub oak and beech. The only sounds — and these came very rarely — were the bells of the sheep and goats, the melancholy songs of the shepherds, and the wind sighing through the trees. Only when the wind blew from the north could I hear, morning and evening, the tones of a distant bell. At first my time was wholly taken up with the study of these sounds. I quickly came to distinguish the bells of the different herds that pastured in the neighborhood, the voices of the shepherds, the direction and force of the winds, which I could gauge according to the movements of the leaves. From

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my window I could see nothing but the sky, the sun, the clouds, and sometimes the moon; but by straining with my face to the bars, I could descry the horizon — very far off — and distant, lonely fields.

For many months I followed the life of the fields, in a general way, with my eyes. I saw the first tender green turn to a darker green, then pale again; I saw the yellow coming, and then the sunburnt stubble. I saw the vines turn black, the leaves turn red, the furrowed fields turn brown. I saw the whole countryside shed its leaves, swathe itself in snow; and then I saw come again the tender green of spring. Pleasantest of all my studies was following the transformations and the travels of the clouds, catching the rhythm of the wind between the branches, and the patter of the rain upon the roof. I knew all the phases and all the colors of the moon. I watched all the gradations of solar light. I found new reflections in the sunsets and fresh nuances in the twilights. The little bit of earth and sky that I could contemplate was a world to me, a world that I began to know in each of its atoms and all its moments — as God knew it. Living beings seemed to have disappeared from my world. Some birds that passed across *my* sky, a distant sheep, white patches that stood for cattle, the dull figure of my peasant — these were the only living things I saw.

In the summer my prison was less solitary. Flies, mosquitoes, and wasps rose to my tower and gave me opportunity for long adventurous chases. Fleas invaded my bed and many a happy hour I whiled away in their destruction. Once a little gray lizard clambered to my window, and I contrived to capture him and keep him with me for two months. A pair of spiders spread their webs between the beams of the ceiling, and I amused myself by watching their ambushes and their patient travels up and down their threads; and I had the noisy visits of the swallows, though none built nests.

In winter the solitude was complete. In my cell — unheated, for I did not wish it warmed — the cold grew bitter, and I was compelled to stay in my bed even during the day. The greater part of the time I slept, but in my waking hours — not many, but how long! — I had no occupation save to study my prison walls with minute care. When the spring came, I knew inch by inch the six surfaces that shut me in. Every graining in the beams, every gap in the rafters, every scaled patch in the wall, every sinking of the bricks, I knew by heart so thoroughly that I could find them even in the dark. I counted the tiles in the floor, the chinks in the wall, the cracks in the ceiling, the rusty spots on the bolts; and day by day I followed the traces of age in everything around me. The flaking away of the bars, the spots of moisture on the walls, the grooves in the door, the cracks in the pitcher, the faults in the mirror, absorbed me for whole days at a time.

Often, too, I would lie dreaming with my eyes wide open. My years of liberty would pass like a spectacle before me. All the faces of all the people I had ever seen or talked to came back to my memory, one by one, each with a light and kindly smile. I seemed to hear again voices long since forgotten. I recalled suddenly some insipid farce heard in the theatre, or some obscure phrase caught by chance in the street.

For many years I never thought of my crimes, and if the memory chanced to come, I succeeded in driving it away without difficulty. My sleep was a blank: I never dreamed, or at least I never remembered my dreams. I spent long hours regarding my own face in the glass. Sometimes — so closely did

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I watch the image — it seemed to be myself no longer: I forgot who I was and where. Then I would begin to cry out, to appeal to myself, and I would end by knowing again my own identity. With the mirror, I could follow month by month and year by year, my own rapid sinking. Every day I would make a careful examination of my complexion, my thinness, the wrinkles in my skin, the color of my hair, and thus I watched over the gradual aging of my body.

In this way a good many years rolled by without my feeling for a moment the desire for freedom. It was only after thirteen years that the weariness of my solitude seized upon me. Everything around me that I could see, everything that I could study, was long ago well-known, familiar even to the point of nausea. I had read and re-read many times the four books I had brought with me — the *Thousand and One Nights*, *Gil Blas*, a treatise on chemistry, and Sainte-Beuve's *Port Royal*, all of which I had learned by heart from the first word to the last, until I could have begun reciting on any page at all. I had studied and commented on every story, every sentence, every phrase, for myself and within myself. I had re-written, in my mind, the same adventures and the same theories. I had imagined consequences, conceived ways of re-casting, gathered together possible notes and hypothetical commentaries.

My food — this was my own wish — was very simple: bread and fruit. Doing no work, exerting no muscular effort, I had need of little to eat; but my extreme moderation cast me oftener than I wished into a kind of ecstasy due to exhaustion, in which my brain, freed from the body, lost any exact feeling of the world and led me far away into spheres of existence altogether new.

In one of these half-conscious states, I began to feel that I was not alone. I heard no voice, I saw no phantom, and yet suddenly I was sure that someone stood by my bed, watching my life. There were no outer hallucinations. In it all there was nothing concrete, nothing material — nothing *true*. I was sure that someone was living with me and thinking, close to my thought. I did not hear so much as a sigh, nor perceive a shadow — yet I could listen to the thoughts of my companions, and sometimes my soul would respond, hesitatingly, to souls unknown.

At first these invisible presences came only when I was plunged deep in dreams induced by torpor, but after two years they became constant, and I had always a companion of some sort in my room, no matter what the hour. Those who came oftenest were my victims. One after another, I felt them drawing close to me, and I felt them look at me, though not with hatred. Never uttering a word, each of them told me his story, described his life, and above all the feeling that preceded his death. They assured me that in giving up life, they did not feel so much pain as people on this side think. Some of the murdered were already disgusted with life, or desperate, at the moment when I slew them. The shadows admitted — *now that they knew* — that the remainder of their lives would have been worse than the peace of the grave.

These colloquies did me good; I began to look back upon my past existence without terror. For a whole year I sought to reconstruct the various theories of the hopelessness of life, and I began to regard myself as a generous philanthropist who had risked his own freedom to save other souls from suffering; and who, yielding to a stupid feeling of remorse, had inflicted unjust punishment upon himself. But fresh doubts pitilessly assailed me. Theories accounting for the woes of life and the

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evil of the world, if they were to be regarded as certain, had to rest upon a system of thought that would embrace all of reality. I passed a year in metaphysical meditation of every sort, striving to bring back into my mind the things I knew already, and to devise fresh ideas, until at length this sterile exercise exhausted my spirit.

I began to suffer agony, spasms, fainting fits. For whole days my brain would be darkened. For months I lived like a crazy man, shrieking night and day words that had no meaning, scratching my face, wringing my hands. Then suddenly I would awake, filled with melancholy, my nails bleeding and my limbs torn, while the maddest fantasies whirled through my head.

In these moments I felt an uneasy desire to flee. I hurled myself from one to another of the four walls like a furious animal. I dashed myself against the window, seeking someone to deliver me. I gnawed at the bars, and when the peasant came to bring me my bread, I cast myself weeping on my knees and begged him to take me away with him. But the man knew better than to let his heart be touched, for when I had shut myself up, the conditions had been clearly stipulated, and he knew that if he released me he would lose his salary, and perhaps his life as well.

So it was that I saw more than twenty years pass in my solitary prison, without event of any sort to alter the course of my life. Once or twice the peasant stayed away for two days at a time without coming. It was because he was ill. The voices of the shepherds changed every three or four years. Once I heard men talking beneath my tower. One night my chamber was illuminated by a fire blazing in the woods near by. Such were the important events of these long years of mine.

I had at length reached an age of nearly fifty years, and I no longer knew how to fill my life. Atom by atom I was acquainted with every particle of my surroundings. I had thought, imagined, dreamed, and wept for whole years at a time. I was weary, too, of my invisible companions, who too often ridiculed me, and treated me like a child.

The three years following the first twenty were the most remarkable of my life. I spent almost all my time stretched out upon the bed, plunged in a perpetual stupor — neither waking, sleeping, nor dreaming. During the day I perceived nothing, only it seemed to me as though an intense white dazzling light was over everything, like a luminous fog. When the peasant came, I had to take the fragments of bread that he held out, but scarcely had I eaten, when I laid my heavy head again upon the pillow and my mouth grew dry and bitter as if after a drunken debauch.

Darkness and the light itself vanished. That was still worse. I had a feeling that I was alone, absolutely — not alone in that room, merely, but alone in the universe, alone amid a vast nothing. It seemed as though the walls, the fields, the towns, had vanished forever — as if the world had disintegrated, as if the sun and stars had been extinguished, all sound had ceased, and only I remained, calm and eternal — literally unique amid the quiet of infinity. Then, little by little, the world began to fashion itself about me anew, began to reconstruct itself; but scarcely had day dawned again when I felt myself plunged once more in a gleaming light, harsh, cruel, dangerous beyond anything I had imagined in the world.

This horrible existence ended — though it was through no fault of mine — at the beginning of the twenty-fourth year of my imprisonment. The peasant did not come for two successive days, but it was not the first

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time that had happened, and I attached no importance to it. Always, moreover, I had enough fruit in reserve to keep me from dying of hunger. On the morning of the third day, I heard someone open the outer door and come up the stair, and suddenly I perceived that it was not the accustomed step. When after repeated fumblings the door of my chamber was thrown open, I beheld a poor woman, some forty years old, who looked at me with terror and scarcely knew what to say. Hers was the second human face I had seen in twenty-three years. The incredible novelty of the event restored me to a kind of consciousness, and I asked the woman who she was and what she came for. With great effort I succeeded in understanding that she was the wife of my peasant jailer, who had suddenly gone mad. He had demanded repeatedly to be taken to release me, since he was responsible for my imprisonment and I was suffering because of him. He had given the most exact description of the place where I was and of my strange existence; but no one had believed him, until at length his wife, partly for curiosity's sake, partly to satisfy her conscience, had come to see, and had found me.

After so many years, liberty was mine at length when I no longer sought it. And yet, what could I do? My secret was discovered now, and I should not have been left in peace. Justice might have stretched out its arm for me; it was at all events best to fly before the curious sought me out. I begged the woman to have a carriage brought to the tower, and on the following day I drove to the nearest city and traveled to my own country.

Now, after more than a year, I am again in the city where I saw the light, and whence I set out, still a young man, to immure myself until my old age. All that I see wearies me; there are many things that I do not understand; others are wholly new to me. I seem to love mankind as a little child loves its mother when she comes again after an absence, and yet no one wishes me as a companion. My strange appearance, my ignorance of modern life, the curious awkwardness of my movements, the slowness of my thoughts, the impossibility of finding new friends at my age, leave me as lonely among all these millions as I ever was in my tower. Sometimes I have tried to stop a young man in the street, to tell him my story, but everyone recoils, thinking me some tedious invalid suddenly returned to the world. My house has been torn down to make room for widening the street; my name has disappeared from the roll of the precinct, and from the memory of men as well. I mean nothing to others and not very much to myself.

Since I have returned, I do not breathe well. My lungs suffer from the heaviness of the air. The atmosphere seems charged with dust. I cannot gain strength, and I think often, almost with regret, of the sad lingering songs of the distant shepherds.

I do not know how long I shall stay here. I do not know where I shall go. Death is close upon me, yet I do not wish to die. I am afraid of meeting *my* dead over there, afraid of beginning my life again with them.

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A PAGE OF VERSE

TO A KETTLE

BY BARBARA GREGORY

[*English Review*]

SING!
Pretty thing!
I love your gleaming knob
As you simmer on the hob,
Pretty thing!
Sing!

Steam!
Little dream!
Be quick, my pet. Ah! see,
I wait to make the tea!
Little dream!
Steam!

Quick!
Another stick
May speed you up a bit,
And make you boil and spit.
Another stick!
Quick!

Shoot!
Little brute!
Out vapor's steaming hope,
And bubbles like to soap.
Little brute!
Shoot!

OH!
I hate you so!
Why can you never boil?
In vain seems all my toil!
I hate you so!
OH!

D——n!
Devil's dram!
Too full the thing was filled,
The water all is spilled!
Devil's dram!
D——n!

THIS POET AND THAT POET

BY HUMBERT WOLFE

[*Chapbook*]

Said this poet to that poet
'What do you lack?'
Said that poet to this poet
'Friend, scratch my back!'

Said this poet to that poet
'What if I do?'
Said that poet to this poet
'I will scratch you.'

OVERHEARD ON A SALT MARSH

BY HAROLD MONRO

[*Rhyme Sheet*]

Nymph, nymph, what are your beads?
Green glass, goblin. Why do you stare at them?
Give them me.
No.
Give them me. Give them me.
No.

Then I will howl all night in the reeds,
Lie in the mud and howl for them.

Goblin, why do you love them so?

They are better than stars or water,
Better than voices of winds that sing,
Better than any man's fair daughter,
Your green glass beads on a silver ring.

Hush, I stole them out of the moon.

Give me your beads, I want them.
No.

I will lie and howl in a deep lagoon
For your green glass beads, I love them so.
Give them me. Give them.
No.

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LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

AN UNPUBLISHED STORY BY BALZAC

THE manuscript of a new story by Balzac, the bare existence of which has never been suspected, turned up a few weeks ago at an auction sale in an unpretentious second-hand shop in Paris, and has fallen into the hands of the French book-collector, Georges-Emmanuel Lang, who appears to have learned by a lucky chance of its existence before any of his fellow collectors got on the trail. The story — a *nouvelle* of the customary dimensions — is entitled *Les Fantaisies de la Gina.* The manuscript is so beautifully bound in hand-tooled leather that it seems curious its value was not suspected by the dealer; but — though M. Lang is discreetly reticent as to what he paid — the greatest Balzac 'find' of recent years was apparently picked up for a song, in the way every good collector dreams of, even though he usually acquires his treasures only by enriching some too-knowing dealer.

On the violet moroccan leather of the binding, tooled in gold, are the initials 'S. G.,' which are explained by an inscription in Balzac's hand on the manuscript itself, *Donné à Mlle. Sophie Grèvedon par son très humble serviteur: de Balzac.* The manuscript itself is badly blotted and in some places illegible, though only a few phrases here and there have permanently defied the endeavors of the decipherer. Balzac's biographers and the editors of his collected works seem alike to have missed the story, for it does not appear in any of the supposedly complete editions, and no reference to the story itself or to the circumstances of its composition are known.

Manuscript in hand, however, M. Lang appealed to M. Marcel Bouteron, an enthusiastic devotee of Balzac, deeply learned in all that touches the life of the writer, his works, and his associations. M. Bouteron's reply was reassuring. No doubts exist in his mind as to the authenticity of the manuscript, and from his intimate knowledge of Balzac's travels in Italy and the friendships he made there, he has little difficulty in constructing a theory which accounts both for the inspiration of the story and the motives that led to its eventual suppression. And the owner, M. Lang, in his turn has devised a very plausible explanation for Balzac's making a present of his manuscript to Mlle. Grèvedon. The gift needs explanation because, as M. Lang observes, Balzac 'was n't very ready to make presents of his manuscripts.'

We may quote from M. Bouteron's letter to M. Lang: —

> One thing is perfectly evident, my dear fellow. The manuscript of 'La Gina' is written by Balzac and is in Balzac's handwriting from one end to the other. . . .
>
> The manuscript of 'La Gina,' as you say, bears no date. Is it possible to assign one? A definite date would be difficult, but I will venture on a probable approximation of it. Your story takes place in Milan, in the best society of the city, and there are details that Balzac could not have invented. He clearly noted them on the spot, after his usual custom. The idea of 'La Gina' came to him during a trip to Milan, just as *Illusions perdues* came after Angoulême, *Modeste Mignon* after Le Havre, *Eugénie Grandet* after Saumur, and so forth. You know as well as I do that Balzac always found inspiration in the actual, and oftenest in things that he had seen himself. 'La Gina' could only have been composed after a trip to Milan.

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Let us glance through Balzac's biography. We find record, not of one, but of two trips; one during March and April, 1837, and the other in May and June, 1838, and on both occasions Balzac was fêted as a great man. In Milan they wore housegowns 'à la Balzac.'

The story has the eternal triangle for its framework, and M. Boutelon points out several extremely close parallels between an unhappily married couple whose guest Balzac was while in Milan, and the husband and wife in the story. The correspondences seem too close to be accidental, and confirmation is lent by close similarities in phraseology between the last paragraph of the story and a letter written to Balzac by the French Consul General in Milan, describing the matrimonial difficulties of his late host.

If M. Boutelon is right — and there seems no reason for doubt — it is easy to understand Balzac's suppression of the manuscript. The parallels would have been too obvious. He did not care to print a story in which the originals of the fictitious characters would have been instantly identified and unpleasant consequences to the author might have resulted. He had already had unhappy experience of that sort.

But then why did he present his unused manuscript to Mlle. Sophie Grèvedon? On this point M. Lang is able to throw some light. Mlle. Sophie was the daughter of the historical painter and lithographer, Pierre-Louis Grèvedon, then famous for his portraits of Rachel, of Mlle. Mars, and of la Malibran. Mme. Grèvedon, moreover, was a well-known comic actress, well acquainted with Scribe; and her sister was the wife of Régnier, the celebrated associate of the Comédie Française. M. Lang hazards the guess that Balzac gave the manuscript — which he no longer had any idea of publishing — to the daughter of a family whose position might some day be very useful to him, and with whom he wished to stand well. And now, when it can do no more harm, and when it is no longer likely to disturb the author's peace, the manuscript that Balzac was afraid to publish comes to light. But if it will not disquiet him, neither will it greatly enhance his reputation, for *Les Fantaisies de la Gina* is a slight thing for the author of *Eugénie Grandet* to have written.

✤

UNIVERSITY DRAMA IN ENGLAND

University players have always had an honorable share in the dramatic art of England. Even before the days of Good Queen Bess (though if some modern historians are right, she was perhaps not quite so good as her subjects fancied) the schools and universities shared with the church and the guilds the duty of fostering the drama. *Roister Doister*, the first English comedy, is the work of a schoolmaster. One of the best known references to Shakespeare occurs in *The Return from Parnassus*, a university play. And the first flames of that blaze of glory which was the Elizabethan drama flashed out only when the 'university wits' — Peele, Green, Lyly, Lodge, and Marlowe, the greatest of all — brought to the crude vigor of the popular plays the literary finish and traditions of the universities.

It is good to see that the modern universities — marked though the change is in their size, the range of the subjects that they teach, and the cosmopolitanism of their student body — are still true to the great tradition. Oxford has only one dramatic society of any pretensions, but that one is the O.U.D.S., which is famous wherever the scholarly drama is still cherished. Other dramatic activities at Oxford are in the hands of the colleges and much smaller organizations.

Cambridge has three — the Foot-

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lights, the A.D.C., and the Marlowe Dramatic Society. The Footlights are frivolous young men who produce topical musical comedies, which they usually present during the May-week festivities; and the A.D.C. usually devotes itself to modern comedies, though it sometimes breaks over into the field of the Footlights. The Marlowe — as befits a dramatic society named for a great dramatist in his own university — is an amateur pioneer in the field which has since been further worked by professional actors at the Old Vic, at the Lyric, Hammersmith, and by the faithful antiquarians of the Phoenix Society, who have just added to their laurels with a production of the *Jew of Malta*. To quote from one of the Marlowe's pamphlets: —

> The society was at the time of its origin a pioneer in the field of staging classical English plays with more sympathetic regard for the author's intentions than was at the time considered necessary by London actor-managers. An inner and outer stage, draped with green curtains, comprised all the scenery of those first performances; but from this humble beginning the society has by experiment and experience developed a technique which, without necessitating cuts or interfering with continuous performance, becomes every year more interesting and original.

After all, plays were never intended for library consumption. Ingenious literary exercises in dramatic form are another matter, and therefore more's the pity that Shakespeare's less important plays and almost all of the Elizabethan drama so seldom reappear on the modern boards. It is astounding to reflect that Shakespeare's *Troilus and Cressida* has never been played since the Restoration — unless we are pleased to call Dryden's version Shakespearean, and even Dryden's play has not been performed since 1733 — until the Marlowe revived it last March.

'THE BOOKWORM,' A CAUTIONARY TALE

THIS moral ditty is the result of a prize competition for 'cautionary tales' instituted by the *Westminster Gazette*, such moral effusions having become popular in England since Mr. Hiliare Belloc published his highly edifying *Cautionary Tales for Children:* —

THE BOOKWORM

Oh listen while I tell the tale
Of Horace William Merrivale.
Nearly always he was good
And did the things that children should.
One way he had that children should n't.
And give it up — he simply would n't!
I grieve to say whenever able,
This little boy would read at table.
He never knew how much he ate
But swallowed all that he could get.
At last one day he met his doom.
His nurse had left the pleasant room
And he sat there, still reading fast,
To eat the rest of his repast.
He did n't see, so thrilled was he,
A fact that would have worried me;
No meat, potato, greens or bread —
He ate his knife and fork instead.
Yes, that was how he met his fate!
When nurse came back it was too late;
Before he 'd reached the bitter end
A hideous death had claimed our friend.
This the lesson I would bring:
There 's a time for everything.
This the moral of my fable:
Never read when you 're at table.
Let us weep for Horace dear!
It 's sad to think he might be here
Had he learnt to separate
Mental food from what he ate!

GERHART HAUPTMANN'S EPIC 'EULENSPIEGEL'

HAS Gerhart Hauptmann written the long-awaited epic of the war? Will the comic Till Eulenspiegel of ancient folk-tradition become the satirist of Armageddon? Acclaimed both by the state and by the people as a national poet, and honored in every theatre in Germany, Gerhart Hauptmann is making a return to his fellow countrymen

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in his epic, *Eulenspiegel*, which is just emerging from the press in Germany. Although the poet has read parts of his new work to friends, both its appearance and its form are something of a surprise to most Germans.

Overthrown in war and torn with dissension at home, Germany finds a pitiless mirror held up to her woes in Till's mirror. Hauptmann's Till Eulenspiegel is the same old mountebank, but not all his jests are merry as of yore. The mischief-maker has been through the war. He knows the suffering and horror of the trenches. He is a jester still, but a bitter jester. Laying aside his helmet, he dons cap and bells to tour the Fatherland as an itinerant showman. Still a practical joker, he is also a man whose eyes have been opened in a new way to the folly of mankind. He drifts; drifts hopelessly and ceaselessly like the men about him, like the Fatherland itself.

Standing outside his booth he boasts that he who will enter shall see the solving of the greatest riddle of the world: Who caused the Great War? The people throng to the show. They pay their fees. They enter — and in a mirror see their own faces! They turn in fury on the showman, who takes to flight. One incident in a whole epic, but very typical.

The poem is written in hexameters reminiscent of the idyll 'Anna' of last year.

✻

'THE BIG NOISE'

THE 'big noise,' produced under the auspices of the Dutch government in an effort to learn more about atmospheric conditions and the transmission of sound, has proved something of a disappointment. The noise was produced by the explosion of five tons of perchlorate of ammonia at Oldebroek, after experiments which shattered the windows in a village four miles away indicated that the charge of ten tons, originally proposed, would be too large.

The British Air Ministry coöperated with the Dutch government, and the public were urged to be on the alert for the sound, and to send in reports stating the intensity and the exact time when it was heard. It was expected that fifteen minutes would be required for the vibrations to reach the coast of Great Britain.

However, the sound waves did not in every case reach the expectant English ears, and although sound-photographs were secured at Ripley, England, the scientific results do not seem to have come up to those anticipated. All the reports are not yet in, however, and as one of the main objects of the test was to determine the existence of silent zones between the source of sound and other zones where it is audible, the failure of many listeners to hear it may have distinct importance.

✻

HAMLET IN FRENCH

IT is a tribute to the art of the Comédie Française that the French players of that famous company, now visiting London, were able to hold British listeners at all with scenes from *Hamlet* played in French. M. de Max, one of the most famous of modern French actors, presented a Hamlet that Englishmen found hard to understand — though no Hamlet can be said to be very easy to understand. The critic of the *Morning Post* admits the masterful quality of the acting, and yet is assailed with doubts that will not be hushed. 'The most was made of every point, yet somehow it was not Hamlet.'

The main difficulty seems to have been the translation. Other dramatists may endure it, but when Shakespeare loses his poetry he fares ill, great though he is.

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BOOKS ABROAD

All the World's Aircraft, founded by Fred T. Jane, edited and compiled by C. G. Grey (editor of the 'Aeroplane'). London: Sampson Low, Marston and Co., Ltd.

[*Army Quarterly*]

THIS work, now in its thirteenth year, must compel admiration for the mass of information so attractively displayed. It presents for the same reason a most difficult task to the reviewer. Information on a scale adequate to check all that is here presented is unobtainable, but some sample tests of items chosen at random show evidence of the highest standard of accuracy.

Omar Khayyâm and His Age, by Otto Rothfeld. Bombay: D. B. Taraporevala Sons & Co., 1922.

[*Asiatic Review*]

THE book falls into two parts — an account of the history of the Central Asian Empire and of the influence of Persian thought, with its Greek and Indian currents of philosophy, on Mohammedan culture; and, secondly, an analysis of the spirit of Omar's poetry as exemplifying the results of those influences. Until now any student desirous of acquainting himself with the development of Islam under Persian guidance would have had to conduct laborious research through a dozen separate monographs on different aspects of the subject. Mr. Rothfeld has embodied the results of such research in one eminently readable volume.

Mr. Rothfeld's competence to deal with the subject is vouched for by his eminence as a Persian scholar, which led to his selection by the Government of India to edit the text of the *Waqdya* of *Naamat Khan-I-Ali*, one of the most difficult books in the Persian language. *Omar Khayyám and His Age* will prove to be a book as attractive to the general reader by its style and construction as it will be valuable to the student by its scholarship.

Four Comedies by Carlo Goldoni, edited by Clifford Bax. London: Cecil Palmer, 1922. 25*s*.

[*English Review*]

WE have no room to criticize Goldoni's plays, admirably presented in this well-got-up tome by Mr. Clifford Bax. Their interest lies in technique and vivacity of handling, which make him highly readable; for, like all good things, they endure. Though his object was to give Italy a national drama, he is very French in treatment, and wrote in French; but surely few will agree with Mr. Bax, who apparently rates him higher than Molière. In sheer wit he is much the inferior.

Goya as a Portrait-Painter, By A. de Beruete y Moret. Translated by Selwyn Brinton. London: Constable and Company, Ltd.,1922.

[Sir Claude Phillips in the *Daily Telegraph*]

WHEN the Exhibition of Spanish Art, Ancient and Modern, was opened two years ago in the galleries of the Royal Academy, there were to be found, placed for the further instruction of the public on one of the sumptuous tables in the room specially assigned to Goya, three splendid volumes on the master, his life and works, written by Don Aureliano de Beruete y Moret, the then director of the Royal Prado Gallery in Madrid. This distinguished critic, who, alas! did not live to see the issue of this section of his great work in its English dress, was the son of Aureliano de Beruete, a critic of still higher fame, to whom, as all students of Spanish art are aware, the world owes the most authoritative and altogether the most helpful work in existence on the supreme art of Velazquez.

To his son, with whose work as a critic we are now dealing, we owe an interesting volume on the School of Madrid, with new and important facts as to Del Mazo, son-in-law of Velazquez, as well as to Carreño de Miranda, Rizi-Matteo Cerezo, Claudio Coello, and others of less fame. We may not say that he has done for Goya exactly what his illustrious father accomplished for Velazquez, since the task to be attempted in relation to the later master was not of so high an order, and the difficulties in the way were less. He did not find himself to the same extent called upon to solve difficult questions of attribution; for the ground in this respect was more or less prepared. What Aureliano de Beruete the younger does give — with a rare sympathy, a rare completeness — is a reasoned appreciation of the whole œuvre of Goya, and a living portrait-sketch of the artist, not amounting indeed to a formal biography, but allowing very clearly to be seen how throughout — even in subjects the most diverse — the work was a true and intimate expression of the man.

The Insurrection in Mesopotamia, by Lieut. General Sir Aylmer H. Haldane. London: Blackwood, 1922. 21*s*.

[*Morning Post*]

GENERAL Haldane's book is, then, timely. Unfortunately, however, without seeking in any way to disparage the literary skill and admirably

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precise style of the writer, it is not a book which will appeal to the civilian reader, though its value to the military student and military historian cannot be exaggerated. General Haldane has the caution of his race, eschews politics, hints rather than expresses his private opinions about some persons and some policies, treats the general economic and political position and future of Irak very gingerly, and sticks resolutely to his last. No British soldier who is interested in the means by which a Commander-in-Chief, having at his disposal inadequate forces and acting in a country accessible on all sides to outside intrigue, and filled with a population whose mentality is a curious mixture of fanaticism and guile, successfully broke up the rebellion, can neglect this volume. It once again is evidence of a profound truth that a soldier, to be successful nowadays, must also be something of a statesman and a diplomatist.

A Little Anthology of Hitherto Uncollected Poems by modern writers, edited, printed by hand, and published by Stuart Guthrie. 8¾ x 7½. Flansham, Bognor: Pear Tree Press. 12*s.* 6*d.n.*

[*Times Literary Supplement*]

THIS is another of the anthologies of which the aim is to collect the work of less-known authors of the day. There are only twelve poems included, and the print is of large size. The authors represented are V. Locke Ellis, Eleanor Farjeon, James and Stuart Guthrie, Reginald Hallward, M. M. Johnstone, and Lewis Townsend.

The Legend of Eulenspiegel, by Charles De Coster. Translated by F. N. Atkinson. London: Heinemann, 1922. 2 vols. 30*s.*

[Émile Cammaerts in the *Sunday Times*]

IT may seem strange that a complete English translation of this standard work in Belgian literature only appears fifty-four years after its publication in Brussels. This example will no doubt be added to the long list of important works written in English and in French which did not reach the French or English reading-public before half a century of literary criticism had established their importance beyond doubt. In spite of the development of higher education, the language barrier remains a formidable obstacle to intellectual intercourse; but in this particular case the delay is more or less justified, since it took nearly as many years to spread Charles De Coster's reputation in his own country as to spread it abroad.

The first edition of *The Legend and the Heroic, Glorious and Joyous Adventures of Eulenspiegel in the Land of Flanders and Elsewhere* appeared in 1868. The édition de luxe, illustrated with engravings by Félicien Rops, one of the author's few friends, was soon exhausted, and it was only after De Coster's death, in 1879, that a second and cheaper edition appeared.

The author of 'Eulenspiegel' came to his own only about 1890, but still remained little known outside Belgium. It was only after the war had drawn attention to Belgian letters that people began to inquire about the origin of the movement which had produced Maeterlinck, Verhaeren, and many other writers of great distinction.

In and Around Yunnan Fou, by Gabrielle M. Vassal. London: Heinemann, 1922. 10*s.* 6*d.*

[*Bookman*]

WE here in England hardly know the name of Yunnan, and yet it is an important southerly province in China. In fact, Mrs. Vassal, author of this book, and wife of a French officer who was stationed at Haifong, believes that when with the help of Indo-China Yunnan is no longer commercially isolated, but united to the rest of the world by her railways, she may become the most significant portion of China. In the meantime we receive an impression of rugged and mountainous country, inhabited by bareheaded men and women with wonderful hair ornaments. 'Women make up enormously, and I never grew accustomed to the pink and white cheeks, reddened lips, and darkened eyebrows of the Chinese.'

Mrs. Vassal found the houses small, dark, and filthy, the children fat and rosy-cheeked, the mothers strong, contented, and broad. A curious point is that cats in this part of the country are supposed to act as charms to merchants, and are often found chained up, mewing determinedly and piteously in the shops. This is a book that will interest many people; and Mrs. Vassal writes with much animation.

❦

BOOKS MENTIONED

AUBERON, REGINALD. *The Nineteen Hundreds.* London: Allen and Unwin, 1922. 12*s.* 6*d.*

DE GUICHEN, VICOMTE E. *La Crise d'Oriente de 1839 à 1841 et l'Europe.* Paris: Emile Paul Frères, 1922.

DUNRAVEN, LORD. *Past Times and Pastimes.* London: Hodder & Stoughton, 1922. 2 vols. 42*s.* net.

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THIS WEEK

An air-journey across Bolshevik Russia, with a narrow escape from death, is the substance of an experience that Georg Popoff relates in this issue of the LIVING AGE. The aeroplane was bound from Königsberg to Moscow and carried a package for Lenin, sealed with seven seals. Polish bullets and a crash to earth failed to prevent its arrival.

* * *

Reports of actual conditions in Central Asia are as rare as they are important. Colin Ross was lucky to emerge alive from that part of the world, and we are equally fortunate in being able to hear about his adventures and impressions of the trip. Bolshevik boy-scouts drilling under the shadow of Mount Ararat, side by side with British and American units is one of the more picturesque scenes.

* * *

From Dublin to Kerry is a less sensational but a no less interesting journey. The hopeless disorder of the country and the tragedy, lying so close behind the mask of unconcern, are vividly brought out by an Irish woman who has just been there herself.

* * *

The possibility of a capital tax in England has been increased by the large Labor vote in the recent elections. The subject is competently discussed, *pro* and *con*, by the *New Statesman* and the *Spectator*.

* * *

Business men have fought a little shy of South America, by reason of the frequent and devastating revolutions that take place there. Manuel Ugarte, one of the leading writers in that continent, believes in a great Latin American Union. He is thoroughly conversant with his subject and his opinions are sound as well as encouraging.

* * *

Bulgaria has set about her reconstruction work with admirable energy. Conscripting labor, rather than soldiers, is an example which has proved itself worthy of serious attention, and Communists may regard it as a triumph for their doctrine of working for the State.

* * *

The Marseillaise is generally considered the finest of all national anthems. The history of its author, which includes an account of how he composed the song, forms a vital part of the great tradition of French patriotism.

* * *

Readers of the LIVING AGE are already acquainted with Hillaire Belloc, who is at his best in an amusing description of a merger, in the city of the Caliphs. And Thomas Hardy needs even less introduction. His poem, on the Page of Verse, would be read if only because it is written by the greatest living figure in English letters.

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The times have changed, but many of us have not changed with them. Neither have we lost our appreciation or our longing for those bygone days when Longfellow and Lowell and Holmes and the others were a part of Boston life, and when among its frequent distinguished visitors were Mark Twain and Edwin Booth and Joseph Jefferson. These are only a few of the names that throng the pages of Mrs. Fields's diaries as she records the comings and goings of their possessors through the hospitable doors of the Fields house.

Dickens, Hawthorne, Charles Sumner, Bret Harte, Ellen Terry, Christine Nilsson, the Henry Jameses, father and son, and a host of others cross Mrs. Fields's canvas. Many of the pen portraits are succinct and picturesque. Altogether it is a notable book of reminiscent literary biography.

—*Boston Transcript.*

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